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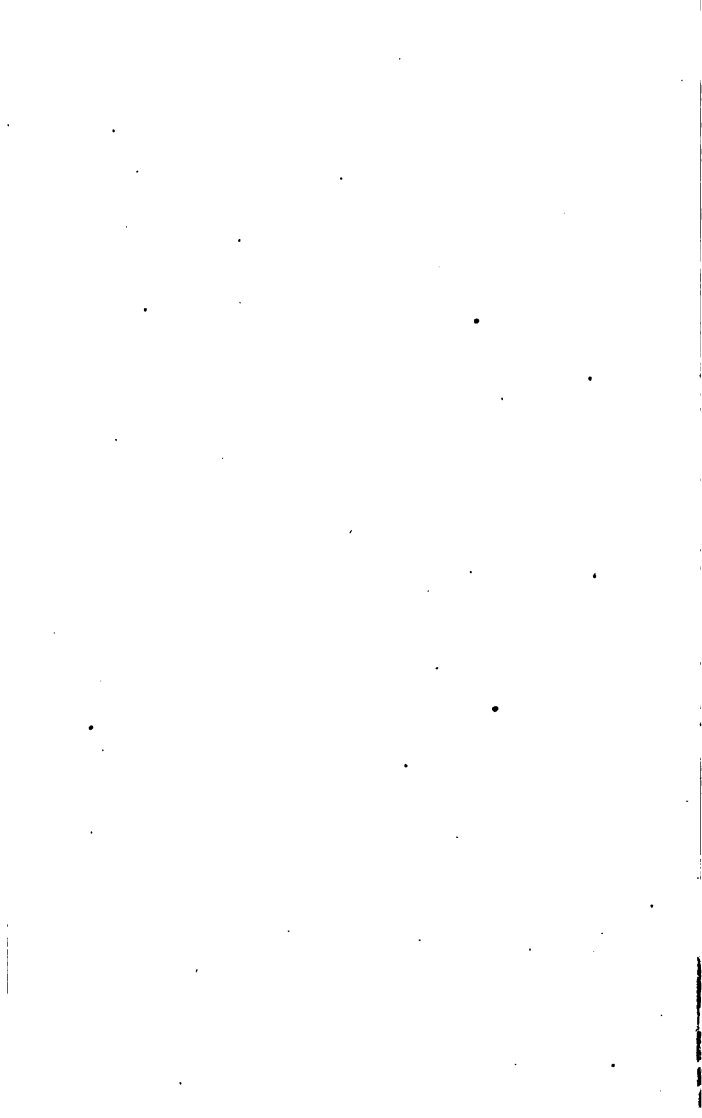


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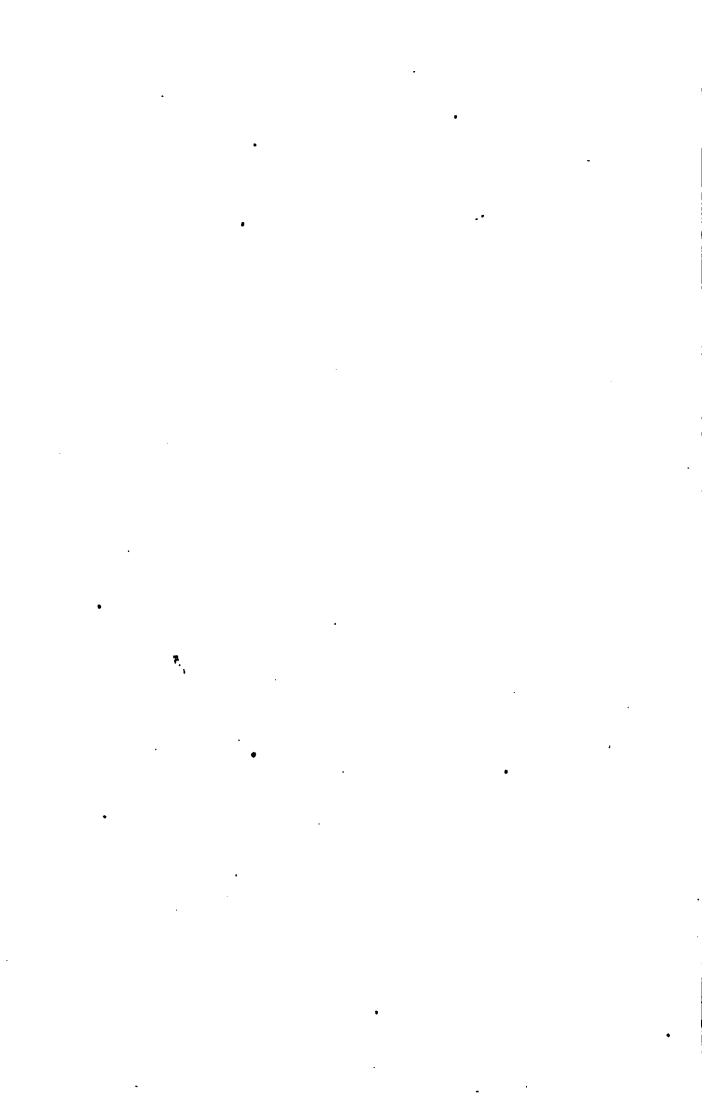
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THE
CHILD'S SPEAKER,
BEING A COLLECTION OF PIECES
FOR
RECITAL IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

BY CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M.,
Author of "Teacher and Parent," "Teachers' Assistant," "National
Orator," &c., &c.

A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1872.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by

CHARLES NORTHEND,

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N's C. S.

INTRODUCTION.

THE practice of "speaking pieces" is becoming more and more common in our primary schools. And this is well, provided proper attention is given to the exercise. The mere recital of pieces, without regard to tone, emphasis, or inflection, is not only of no benefit but a positive injury. But if care is taken to secure proper expression, and not merely the repetition of words in a formal and monotonous manner, the exercise cannot be commenced too early.

In the compilation of this little book reference has been had to the wants of children under ten years of age. It has also been a special aim of the compiler to insert only such pieces as will prove of wholesome moral tendency.

The shorter selections at the latter part of the volume will be found valuable for concert repetition by the school or for alternate recitation. Special pains should be taken to have them given with proper expression so that the full force and meaning of the

sentences may be secured. If the entire contents of Part IV should be thoroughly committed to memory by an entire school they would prove a rich mental treasury.

That the volume may prove acceptable to those who hold the high position of primary teachers, and useful to the little folks of their charge, is the earnest wish of the

COMPILER.

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THE CHILD'S SPEAKER.

PART I.—POETRY.

Frank's Creed.

PEOPLE tell us "Little children
Should be *seen* but never *heard*."
Now, about this wise old saying,
I would like to say a word.
When you ask a child a question,
Would you like the answer *said*?
Or, in silence, is it prettier
Just to *nod*, or *shake the head*?

Or suppose, on this occasion,
None could hear one word we say,
Could you praise us for our lessons,
Or our speaking?—tell us, pray.
Tell me, do you like to see us;
Prim and mincing all the day?
Never romping—never laughing,
Or engaged in hearty play?

Now, *I* don't believe this saying,
Nor do I believe *you* do;
That boys and girls were made for dummies,
Folks may preach, but *'tis not true.*
I, for one, shall not play *dummy*—
I expect to be a *man*;
Ten years hence, if we are living,
You will see how ends my plan.

—*Eliza Doolittle.*

Trust in God and do the Right.
COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! Strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight ;
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion :
Fiends may look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

—*Norman Macleod.*

Faint Praise.

Our tabby she is very wise,
And also very nice,
But I must say that I despise
Her way of eating mice ;
For if I was a cat
I wouldn't do that !

She lies with head so low and meek
Between her paws of silk,
But then she has a thievish trick
Of lapping at the milk ;
And if I was a cat
I wouldn't do that !

'Tis well enough to know your strength,
But she abuses power,
And worries at a mouse the length
Sometimes of half an hour.
Now if I was a cat
I wouldn't do that !

Her coat is modest, sober gray,
Set off with jetty spots,
But then she has a sloven way
Of rubbing on the pots ;
And if I was a cat
I wouldn't do that !

The fur is soft upon her breast
As froth upon the pail,
But then to match against the rest
She has an ugly tail ;
And if I was a cat
I wouldn't have that !

—*Alice Cary*

Sowing.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness ?

They shall blossom bright ere long ;

Are we sowing seeds of discord ?

They shall ripen into wrong.

Are we sowing seeds of honor ?

They shall bring forth golden grain ;

Are we sowing seeds of falsehood ?

We shall yet reap bitter pain.

Whatsoe'er our sowing be,

Reaping, we its fruits shall see.

We can never be too careful

What the seeds our hands shall sow :

Love from love is sure to ripen,

Hate from hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter

Heedlessly along our way ;

But a glad or grievous fruitage

Waits us at the harvest day.

Whatsoe'er our sowing be,

Reaping, we its fruits must see.

The Works of God.

I LOVE to see the glowing sun,

Light up the deep blue sky,

Along the pleasant fields to run,

And hear the brooks flow by.

How fresh and green the trees appear,
What blooming flowers I find !
Oh, surely God has sent them here
To tell us He is kind.

The beasts that on the herbage browse,
All thank Him different ways ;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to His praise.

Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made us all !
I'll kneel upon this mossy bank,
And on my Maker call.

Though I am but a little child,
Yet I to God belong ;
His works declare Him good and mild,
And He will hear my song.

If You Please.

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house ;
And every night, and every morn,
I say "I wish that mouse were gone !"

But why? A quiet soul is he,
As any one need wish to see.
My house is large, my hearth is wide;
There's room for him and me beside.

Ah, yes! But when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,
And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying "If you please."

I've food enough, and food to spare;
I'm willing he should have his share.
There's corn my woodshed chamber in,
And turnips fill my cellar-bin;
I've thirteen squashes all laid by
To keep where they are warm and dry.

And, O, they make a pleasant show,
My apple-barrels in a row.
He might have part from all of these,
Would he say only "If you please."

But, O, when I've blown out the light,
He wanders round the house at night,
And looks at this, and tastes of that
He knows I do not keep a cat.

My winter pears bear marks of teeth ;
He gnawed a hole my door beneath ;
He got upon the pantry shelf,
Knocked down my tins, and helped himself ;
And left, to show he had been by,
His footprints on a custard-pie.

He nibbled at my currant-tarts,
And ginger-cookies cut in hearts ;
And made a feast upon a cheese,
Without once saying " If you please."

And this is why, that, night and morn,
I wish my lodger would be gone.
I have no place for one to stay
Beneath my roof, who cannot say,
Before he takes a thing he sees
To be another's,—“ If you please.”

—*Youth's Companion.*

Into Mischief.

DANCING feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through,
For the little brain from dream-land
Brings them work enough to do.
Racing through the gorgeous parlor,
Romp on the winding stair,
Tearing books and breaking vases—
Into mischief everywhere.

Picks the cake and tastes the jelly,
Breaks the window, slams the door,
Throws the statues from their brackets,
Scatters playthings on the floor;
Tearing little coats and trousers,
Rumpling up his curly hair,—
Busy, naughty little fingers,
Into mischief everywhere.

Spilling ink upon the carpet,
Dashing pictures from the wall,
Breaking mirrors, singing, shouting,
In the attic and the hall;
Tracking mud across the entries,
Turning over desk and chair,
Cutting up the morning paper,—
Into mischief everywhere.

But no look of hate or malice
Darkens o'er those laughing eyes;
Not a thought of harm or sinning
In his little bosom lies;
For his soul is pure and guiltless,
Whate'er harm the fingers do—
Though the little feet are straying
Into mischief all day through.

The Robin's Song.

ONE summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee;
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree so tall and high :
On the topmost bough 't was swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying
In the very tree-top there :
Glory, glory ! it is saying,
And that is all his prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child, God is no nearer
To the robin on the tree,
He does not hear him clearer
Than he does you and me ;
For he hears the angels harping,
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"But if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what then I said?"
"My darling little lisper,
God's ear is ever nigh;
The very lowest whisper
Will reach him in the sky."

Now the robin's song is filling
The child's soul full of bliss;
The very air was thrilling
When his mother told him this,
As he wished, in childish craving,
For the robin's wings to fly,
To sing, on tree-tops waving,
So very near the sky.

—*Child's Paper.*

The Biggest Piece of Pie.

Once, when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to cry,
Because my little brother had
The biggest piece of pie.

'Twas not but I had quite enough,
But then I could not see
The reason why a partial nurse
Should give him more than me.

They said I was a naughty boy,
But I have since seen men
Behave themselves as foolishly
As I behaved then.

For we are often thankful for
Rich blessings when we sigh
To think some neighbor has
A "bigger piece" of pie.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Foolish Chicken.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too;
About it white daisies and buttercups grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
And feast on the green water-weeds that grew there;
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

One day a young chicken, who lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out ;
Now standing tall upward, now diving below,
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
“ I’ve really a great mind to venture in there ;
My mother’s oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

“ Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I too,
And my feet—what’s the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned ?

“ So why should not I swim as well as a duck ?
Suppose that I venture, and e’en try my luck ;
For,” said she, spite all that her mother had taught
her,

“ I’m really remarkably fond of the water.”

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother’s cautions were true ;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself
round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now t’was too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled, the deeper she went :
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on her back,
And by their grave looks it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

The Little Spring.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink :
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall the words of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—

It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but *little* at the *first*,
But *mighty* at the *last* !

The Lazy Boy.

THE lazy lad ! and what's his name ?
I should not like to tell ;
But don't you think it is a shame,
That he can't read, or spell ?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,
Or paddle in a brook,
Than take his pencil and his slate,
Or try to con his book.

There, see ! he's lounging down the street,
His hat without a rim ;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post ;
But if you've seen him once
You'll know the lad among a host
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name;
I do not choose to tell :
But this you'll know—it is the same
As his who does not blush for shame
That he don't read or spell.

Over and Over Again.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task, with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We can not measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again

The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,

Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned

Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven. —*Selected*

Is it You?

There is a child—a boy or girl,

I'm sorry it is true—

Who doesn't mind when spoken to;

Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,

I'm loth to say I do—

Who struck a little playmate child;

I hope that wasn't you.

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few,
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie !
It cannot be 'twas you !

There is a boy—I know a boy,
I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little birdie's nest—
That bad boy, he can't be you !

A girl there is—a girl I know,
And I could love her, too—
But that she is so proud and vain ;
That surely isn't you ?

A Boy of His Word.

You may sing of the heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
Of the glorious battles they've won ;
You may seek to eternize their fame,
And it may be with goodly success ;
But it is not the warrior's name
That this heart and this spirit would bless.
Though oft at their mention my soul hath been stirred
Not dearer to me is the boy of his word !

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of prelates, of princes, of kings;
I doubt not there's something of worth
In the bosom of all human things;
But dearer to me than the whole,
Than the pageantry, splendor, and pride,
Is the boy with a frank honest soul,
Who never his word hath belied.
Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford,
Though lowly and poor is the boy of his word !

Prayers Not Pleasant to Hear.

I do not like to hear him pray,
On bended knee about an hour,
For grace to spend aright each day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy his luckless neighbor bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be"—
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's uttered for the orphan's weal
By him who sees them crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips can feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious slavers I despise,
With folded hands and air demure,
They lift to heaven their holy eyes,
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel-wing them upward bears,
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

I'll Try.

In a soft, warm nest in a shady tree,
With bright little eyes and wings,
Sat a fine old bird with his children three,
Such tiny, sweet-tempered things!

And the old bird said to the dear little birds,
 "I want you to learn to fly ;"
And the little ones merrily chirped the words,—
 "Dear father, we'll try, we'll try."

Now a little boy had a sum to-day,
 And was told to go quickly through it;
But he pouted and cried, and was heard to say,
 He was sure he could not do it.

Do you think this boy was half as good
 As the birdies that learned to fly ?
He would wiser have been, don't you think he would ?
 Had he said, "I'll try, I'll try !"

The Two Workers.

Two workers in one field
 Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
 Both had the same small pay.
With the same blue sky above,
 The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
 The other full of woe.

One leap'd up with the light,
 With the soaring of the lark ;
One felt it ever night,
 For his soul was ever dark.

One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay,
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill,
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt, and din,
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

The Chicken's Mistake.

A LITTLE downy chicken, one day
Asked leave to go on the water
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her,
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking,
Just look at your feet and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wishfully eyed the brook
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered, lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head was under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child, my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know,
What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing,
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going!

—*Phæbe Cary.*

The Temperance Song.

I ASKED a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about;
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find out:
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess
wrong;

Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?

"Tee-total,—oh, that's the first word of my lay;
And then, don't you see how I twitter away?
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing.
Cold water, cold water; yes, that is my song,
'nd I love to keep singing it all the day long.

"And now, my sweet child, won't you give me a crumb?
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home ;
And one thing besides : since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird ;
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold-water army belong."

Maize and Tobacco.

THE Indian Corn looked over the fence,
And what do you think he spied ?
A field of tobacco, just ready to bloom,
And stretching in lordly pride.

To the broad-leaved neighbor at once he called,
In accents loud and clear,
"I thought you belonged to a summer clime ;
Pray, what are you doing here?"

So then, with a haughty air, replied
That plant of power and pelf,
"You are pleased to ask of my business, Sir—
What do you do, yourself?"

"I feed the muscles, blood, and bone,
That make our farmers strong,
And furnish bread for the little ones
That round their table throng."

"I move in a somewhat loftier sphere,"
The foreign guest rejoined,
"As the chosen friend and companion dear
Of men of wealth and mind.

"I'm the chief delight of the gay young spark;
O'er the wise my sway I hold;
I lurk in the book-worm student's cell—
In the dowager's box of gold.

"Thousands of hands at my bidding work;
Millions of corn I raise"—
He ceased to speak, and in angry mood
Responded the tasseled Maize :

"You're in secret league with dyspeptic ills—
A merciless traitor band;
With clouds of smoke you pollute the air,
With floods of slime the land.

"You tax the needy laborer sore;
You quicken the drunkard's thirst;
You exhaust the soil—and I wish you'd go
To the place whence you came at first."

The Power of Little.

GREAT events, we often find,
On little things depend,
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow,
As flake on flake descending
Forms a drift of snow.

A single word may good
Or evil thoughts inspire;
One little spark enkindled
May set a town on fire.

What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny—saved—
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny—squandered
May lead to vice and sin.

The longest life is made
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets joining,
Forms the ocean's tide.

Suppose.

How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!

How dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,
And what the song that cheers,
Suppose we hadn't any eyes,
And suppose we hadn't ears?

For though the grass were gay and green,
And song-birds filled the glen,
And the air were purple with butterflies,
What good would they do us then?

Ah, think 'of it, my little friends;
And when some pleasure flies,
Why, let it go, and still be glad
That you have your ears and eyes.

A Proud Mother.

TEN little chickens, all hatched in one nest !
Was ever an old mother biddy so blest ?
Ten little chickens in jackets of down,
The prettiest darlings e'er seen in the town.

Ten little chickens ! all tumbling about,
Crawling into the nest, and then tumbling out ;
Trying to stand on their little pink feet,
Peeping so loudly for something to eat.

What shall I give them ? there's nothing in sight
Only some egg-shells I left here last night ;
How shall I feed them ? I'm sure I don't know ;
Ah ! here comes the mistress ; she's bringing some
dough.

O, my ! how they eat ! and still crying for more—
Were ever ten chickens so hungry before ?
And look ! only see ! cluck, cluck, there they go,
Heels over head tumbling into the dough.

Ten little chickens ! now who would have thought
That ten simple eggs would such wonders have
wrought ?

How shall I ever provide for them all ?
Cluck ! cluck ! they must scratch for themselves,
that's all.

Why, there's neighbor "Bantam," just over the way,
Who scratches for *one* little chicken all day;
Now I shall do no more than what she has done,
And *my ten* will thrive just as fast as her one.

Cluck! cluck! little chickens, 'tis time you had rest,
Your bed is all ready right under my breast;
Peep! peep! yes, I know it, you're tired, poor things,
Cluck! cluck! now all cuddle right under my wings.

The Little Ants.

A LITTLE black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll :
So he begg'd of a neighbor he happened to meet,
To help get it into his hole.

I've got my own work to see after, said he ;
You must shift for yourself, if you please ;
So he crawl'd off, as selfish and cross as could be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And seeing his neighbor in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load,—
For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear
Endeavor to profit by it ;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant, every bit.

And the good-natured ant who assisted his brother,
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.

Every Little Helps.

SUPPOSE a little twinkling star,
Away in yonder sky,
Should say, What light can reach so far
From such a star as I ?
Not many rays of mine so far
As yonder earth can fall,—
The others so much brighter are,
I will not shine at all !

Suppose a bright green leaf, that grows
Upon the rose-bush near,
Should say, Because I'm not a rose,
I will not linger here ;
Or that a dew-drop, fresh and bright
Upon that fragrant flower,
Should say, I'll vanish out of sight,
Because I'm not a shower !

Suppose a little child should say,
Because I'm not a man,
I will not try, in word or play,
To do what good I can !
Dear child, each star *some* light can give,
Though gleaming faintly there ;
Each rose-leaf helps the plant to live,
Each dew-drop keeps it fair !

And our good Father, who's in heaven,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given
Some needful work to do :
Kind deeds towards those with whom you live,
Kind words and actions right,—
Shall midst the world's deep darkness give
A precious little light !

Learn a Little every Day.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow ;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go !
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play ;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day !

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And minutes make the hours !
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on our way ;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page ;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age !
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines making hay ;
Thus we may, by help of Heaven,
Learn a little every day !

The Creator.

GOD it is who made the light,
And the darkness of the night ;
He the earth around me spread,
And the skies above my head ;
Where the bright and burning sun
Wanders till the day is done ;
And the moon so gently glides,
With the pretty stars for guides.

He with waters filled the seas,
And with greenness clothed the trees ;
He with grass bespreads the plain,
And when thirsty, sends it rain ;
He the winds and tempests made,
Cold and heat, and light and shade,
Ice and snow, the air I breathe,
And the dust my feet beneath.

He made all things that I see,
Bird and beast, and flower and tree,
Fish and fowl,—the mighty woods,
Mountains, hills, and foaming floods ;
Things on earth, in heaven and sea,—
His the hand that fashioned me.

The School-Boy's Song.

AWAY, away to school I'll go,
Thus early though it be ;
Over the light and drifted snow
I'll trip right merrily.

I will not loiter by the way,
And make myself a fool ;
Nor linger with the boys at play,
When it is time for school.

My teacher's rules I will obey
In all that I shall do ;
When I my recitations say,
I'll speak with promptness, too.

I'll mind my studies as I ought,
My time shall not be lost ;
For Learning, though so dearly bought,
Is doubly worth the cost.

To school, to school, I then will go,
And study while I may ;
I'll live to learn, and learn to do
My duty every day.

—I. W. Sanborn.

"Somebody."

THERE'S a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out ;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale,
Are caught in the end, and conducted to jail ;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well
He has never yet seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes ;
Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run
Come to tell the last mischief the sly scamp has

“ ‘Somebody’ has taken my knife,” one will say ;
“ ‘Somebody’ has carried my pencil away ;”
“ ‘Somebody’ has gone and thrown down all the
blocks ;”
“ ‘Somebody’ ate up all the cakes in the box.”

It is “Somebody” breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys’ tops, and runs off with their skates,
And turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls’ heads.

One night, a dull sound like the thump of a head,
Announced that one youngster was out of his bed ;
And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,
“ ‘Somebody’ is pushing me out of the tent.”

Now, if these high crimes of “Somebody” don’t cease,
We must summon in the detective police ;
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then, should it turn out, after all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves, are “Somebody” too,
How queer it would look, if we saw them all go,
Marched off to the Station House, six in a row.

Mr. Nobody.

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked,
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,—
Who leaves our doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prythee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

The finger marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not *our* boots! They all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

The Little Voice.

THERE'S an odd little voice ever speaking within,
That prompts us to duty, and warns us from sin ;
And what is most strange, it will make itself heard,
Though it gives not a sound, and says never a word.

It is sure to upbraid if we act out a lie,
Nor will let the least evil pass silently by ;
Nor is it less slow to commend than reprove,
But praises each action of goodness and love.

'Tis the voice of the Lord that is whispering thus ;
'Tis our Father who's speaking in mercy to us ;
Who, knowing our proneness to wander astray,
Seeks thus to incline us his laws to obey.

Oh then let me listen with reverence and awe
To this voice of my God as my guide and my law ;
Obey the stern watchman that's guarding within
To warn me of danger, temptation, and sin.

May *Conscience* and I live together in peace,
My awe of my honest companion increase ;
That I may refuse not its bidding to do,
Whate'er it demand or bid me pursue.

Don't Give Up.

If you tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying ;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger ;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by *easy* work you beat,
Who the more will prize you ?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you !

—*Phæbe Cary.*

"Never Mind."

WHAT'S the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway ?
Look ahead, and "never mind."

Travel onward ; working, hoping,
Cast no lingering glance behind
At the trials once encountered :
Look ahead, and " never mind."

What is past is past forever :
Let all fretting be resigned,—
It will never help the matter :
Do your best, and " never mind."

And if those who should befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven, and " never mind."

Unfriendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind ;
Take them for their real value ;
Pass them by, and " never mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined :
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you—" never mind."

The Pond and the Brook.

" NEIGHBOR Brook," said the Pond one day,
" Why do you flow so fast away ?
Sultry June is hastening on,
And then your water will all be gone."

• “Nay, my friend,” the Brook replied,
“Do not thus my conduct chide;
Shall I rather hoard than give?
Better die than useless live.”

Summer came, and blazing June
Dried the selfish Pond full soon;
Not a single trace was seen
Where it had so lately been.

But the Brook with vigor flowed
Swift along its pebbly road;
And the fragrant flowers around,
Smiled to hear its joyful sound.

Happy alone are they who show,
Through deeds of kindness here below,
That better far it is to give,
Than merely for one's self to live.

What I Love.

I LOVE to rise at break of morn,
And wander o'er the fertile plains,
When warblers sweet proclaim the dawn,
And fill the air with joyful strains.

I love to view the limpid stream,
As it meanders gently by,
When sunset with a lingering beam,
And golden tinge illumines the sky.

I love the balmy air of eve,
With dewy tears and zephyr sighs;
It doth the ruffled mind relieve,
And soothe the spirit ere it flies.

I love the glorious orb of day,
That gives a sunshine to the heart,
With radiance gilds life's dreary way,
And sheds on all an equal part.

I love the bud and blooming rose
Whose grace and fragrance give delight;
The violet that humbly grows,
That wins the sense, and charms the sight.

I love, o'er all, fair Nature's Sire
Who made the earth, the sea, the sky,
The Architect whom all admire,
The God Supreme who dwells on high.

"Fine Feathers Don't Make Fine Birds."

A PEACOCK came with plumage gay,
Before a cottage door, one day,
Beneath a little bird, whose song,
From out his cage, had charmed the throng,

As, vainly thus, the peacock stood,
The songster cheered the neighborhood ;
E'en while the one, in colors bright,
Displayed his plumage to the sight,
The other sung in sweetest words,—
“ Fine feathers ne'er can make fine birds.”

The peacock strove, but quite in vain,
Each person's praise himself to gain ;
But still the warbler, in his cage,
Did every ear and eye engage.
And now the bird, of rainbow wing,
Attempts himself, alas ! to sing ;
And they who owned his beauty bright,
Disgusted by his screams, took flight.
The other sung in sweetest words—,
“ Fine feathers ne'er can make fine birds.”

Then take the warning, children fair,
And of the peacock's fate beware ;
Nor wealth, nor rank, can win your way,
Howe'er attired in plumage gay ;
Some means to charm, you all must know,
Apart from dress and outward show ;
Some talent, grace, some gift of mind,
Or beauty vain, must fall behind ;
While others sing, in truthful words,—
“ *Fine feathers ne'er can make fine birds.*”

Little Acts of Love.

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below ;
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show :

A glass of water timely brought,
An offered easy chair,
A turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air :

An early flower, unasked, bestowed,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice, to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head.

O ! deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

Puss and the Sparrow.

ONE day an old pussy-cat climbed up a tree
And caught a brown sparrow, so nimble was she ;
"A very nice supper I'll have," said the cat,
"A bird is more tender by far than a rat."

"If I were not famished," said puss, with a sigh,
"I would not be guilty of murder—not I—
To let him go now would be very absurd;
'Tis a very long time since I've tasted a bird."

"Stop, stop!" said the sparrow, "were I in *your* place,
To eat without washing would be a disgrace;
I didn't think cats that were tidy and neat
Ever supped without washing their faces and feet."

Miss Pussy, astonished at what she had heard,
And flattered, perhaps, by the roguish young bird,
Laid down the brown sparrow with very good grace,
And then commenced washing her little white face.

Away flew the sparrow high up on a tree,
Singing "Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, come and catch me."
"Mew, mew," said the pussy, "I see very plain
You've served me a trick that you'll not do again."

"From henceforth you'll find I shall do as I please,
Make sure of my supper, and wash at my ease."
And down to this day, 'tis a fact understood,
Cats never will wash till they've eaten their food.

The Blue Bird.

I KNOW the song that the blue bird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow, the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat;
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree singing and swinging.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming! and spring time is here!

"Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!"

The Lark.

A LITTLE story of a lark I'll tell,
And what sad fate the pretty bird befell.
Down in our meadow, where the summer grass
Grows tall, she made her nest. One day, alas!
The men were mowing, and cut off her head,
And left the mother of sweet birdies, dead.

Ah me! Must little birdies, helpless, die?
"O no!" my mother said; "*this* plan we'll try—
We'll take them home, and when, ere long, we see

The robin leave her nest that's in our tree,
We'll take her eggs and put these birdies there,
And hope she'll treat them with a mother's care."

Soon, when she flew away in search of food,
We took her eggs and left this little brood.
From our piazza we could watch and rest,
And soon she came and lit upon her nest.
"What's here! What meaneth this?" old robin said,
While o'er the brood she stood with wings out-spread,
She eyed them—turned her head from side to side,
But what it meant poor bird could not decide,
So off she flew, and soon brought back her mate;
And now they talk, and wonder, and debate.

Meanwhile the birdies raise their tiny necks,
For each of them a dainty worm expects.

At length they left the birdies all alone,
But soon came back and took them as their own,
For in their bills the dangling worm we see,
And hear each birdie say, "*give one to me!*"

And so they fed and loved them day by day,
Till birdies grew to birds and flew away.

This sweet example shown to that young brood,
Should toward all orphans make us kind and good.

—L. A. Miller.

The Boy and the Acorn.

A VERY little boy once found
A tiny acorn on the ground ;
Awhile he held it in his play,
Then threw it carelessly away.

Winters and summers run their round,
And now on that same spot is found
A sturdy oak, whose branches high,
The winter's fiercest storms defy.

The child who threw the acorn there,
Has been a man this many a year ;
But though a large, strong man is he,
He never could up-root that tree.

And so 'tis with our habits strong ;
They grow each day for right or wrong ;
And he who forms them as he should,
Will see that every one is good.

—*Sanders' Reader.*

Not Too Young for God to See.

I'm not too young for God to see ;
He knows my name and nature too ;
And all day long He looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within ;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to know it if I sin.

Oh, how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remembered God was nigh,
And had them always in His sight ?

If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do ;
Then how much more we ought to fear
The God who sees us through and through !

Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always strive to think of this—
“I'm not too young for God to see.”

A Short Sermon.

CHILDREN, who hear my lay,
This much I have to say :
Each day and every day
Do what is right !
Right things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light !

This further would I say,
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
 Speak what is true !
True things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow ;
And though the blossoms blow
 While on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set :
So, if you a good would get,
 Good you must be ;—

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true ;
Doing what is right to do
 Unto one and all,
When you work, and when you play,
Each day and every day ;
Then peace shall gild your way,
 Though the sky should fall.

—Alice Cary.

The Barefoot Boy.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan !
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lip redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine of thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy ;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Oh ! for boyhood's stainless play,
Sleep that wakes in stainless day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools;
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flits of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his dell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails his vine,

Where the wood-grapes' clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Cheer'ly, then, my little man;
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubbles spread the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat,
And too soon those feet shall hide
In the prison cells of pride;
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt for work be shod,
Made to tread the mill of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy
Ere it pass, my barefoot boy! —Whittier.

The Little Speaker.—No. 1.

YOU'D scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle;
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great,—not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great, as I am good.

—D. Everett.

The Little Speaker.—No. 2.

You'd scarce expect a boy like me,
To get up here where all can see,
And make a speech as well as those
Who wear the largest kind of clothes.

I think it was in olden time,
That some one said, in funny rhyme,
Great aches from little toe-corns grow,
Large screams from little children flow.

And if that rhymer told the truth,
Though I am now a little youth,
Perhaps I'll make as great a noise
As some who are much older boys.

I will not speak of Greece and Rome,
But tell you what I've learned at home;
And what was taught me when at school
While sitting on a bench or stool.

I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,
And don't you think that's pretty well
For such a little boy as I?
But I must leave you,—so good-by!

Dare and Do.

DARE to think, though others frown ;
Dare in words your thoughts express ;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down ;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart ;
Dare the priceless pearl possess ;
Dare to wear it next your heart ;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong ;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way ;
Dare to give where gifts belong ;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right ;
Do what reason says is best ;
Do with all your mind and might ;
Do your duty and be blest.

Words of Welcome.

KIND friends, and dear parents, we welcome you here,
To our nice pleasant school-room, and teachers so dear ;
We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But we hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited, and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

We seek your approval with hearty good will,
And hope the good lessons our teachers instill
May make us submissive, and gentle, and kind,
As well as enlighten and strengthen the mind.

For learning we know, is more precious than gold,
But the worth of the heart's jewels ne'er can be told ;
We'll strive, then, for virtue, truth, honor, and love,
And thus lay up treasures in mansions above.

Our life is a school-time; and till that shall end,
With our Father in Heaven for teacher and friend,
O, let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in Heaven.

—*Mrs. H. F. Osborne.*

Tray's Dinner.

A MAN bade a good friend to dine,—
And as he thought for once to shine,
He gave him heaps of meat and wine;
In short he spread his board with care,
Each dish was made of things most rare.
Now, *Dash*, his dog, a shrewd old beast,
Thought he would like a friend to feast;

So off he went, and found his way
To ask to dine his friend old Tray.
Tray did not need to be much pressed
To eat a bone : he soon was dressed.
He wet his lips, and shook his tail :
“Dear Dash,” he said, “I will not fail ;”
 “ But what’s your hour ?”
 “ We dine at four ;
Though if you come an hour too soon,
You’ll find there’s something to be done.”
His friend gone back, Tray, full of glee,
Went round and round as blithe could be ;
He ran, he jumped, he leaped for joy,
So full of fun,—just like a boy.
Then he lay down to get a wink,
But naught could do save lie and think
Of what a treat in store he had ;
And as he thought he grew more glad.
He saw the place, could smell each dish—
Flesh, fowl, and tripe, and toast and fish ;
And in his mind he made a treat
At which a king might take a seat.
At length, just on the stroke of three,
Off at a trot he went in glee ;
And through a hole, he knew of old,
He crept, for fear the cook should scold.
Here he could watch all that was done,
And see the meats roast, one by one.

He saw them cook the meat with care,
And said, "O rare! how I shall fare."
Be sure of naught till you have got it;
Count not your bird till you have shot it.

Fate made the cook

Just cast a look

Where Tray lay hid so snug and warm,
Safe as he thought, from hurt or harm.

A cook at work is like her sex, sir,

Apt to be hard on those who vex her.

"How now," quoth she, "what do I spy?

An ill-fed cur; who let him in?

Would he were hung with all his kin;

A guest, whom no one bid to feed;

But I shall pack him off with speed."

So said on poor old Tray she flew,

And in a rage brought him to view;

Threw him out on the hard cold street,—

A sad, sad end to poor Tray's treat.

'Twixt cup and lip

We oft may slip

As Tray found to his cost;

He went to dine

But now must pine,

And think of what was lost.

Childhood's Hours.

AMID the blue and starry sky
A group of Hours, one even,
Met as they took their upward flight
Into the highest heaven.

And they were going up to heaven
With all that has been done
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped, like laden flowers,
And sadly soared to tell the tale
That they were misspent hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some had many a tear ;
Others had some kind words and acts
To carry upward there.

A shining hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer
A little child had said,
All full of penitence and love,
While kneeling by his bed.

And thus they glided on, and gave
Their records, dark and bright,
To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

Remember, children of the earth,
Each hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report to heaven
Of all you do or say.

—Mrs. Gordon.

Tit for Tat.

A LAW there is, and one that's old ;
So old, its age is not now known,
And all men know it, too, I'm told ;
And all to use it are too prone.
This law to see, just give your friend a pat,
He gives you back as good, and tells you,—“*tit for tat.*”

This law, it seems, is known to beasts as well,
As you may learn from what I now shall tell.
In the far East, one day, there came
A large brown beast with—such a name !
I could not spell in one word ;
But still a beast of which you've heard.
His size so large, his trunk so queer :
I have a picture of him here.

(Holding up a picture of an elephant)

High on his back there rode a man
Who was so small men called him Span.
Now Span had care of this same beast,
And did not fear him in the least.
The day was hot; he came to drive,
That in the baths the beast might dive;
For Span well knew how nice and cool
The baths would be: he was no fool.
But as he rode on through the street,
Some friend gave Span a nut to eat.
The nut was large and fine to see,
But,—“ Oh! so hard to crack,” said he.
And then he thought of some sure plan
To break the shell, did our friend Span.
“ Reach up to me,” he cries, “ a stone,”—
But, stay, I here have got a bone
Will do quite well—’tis hard as lead:
I’ll break it on my good beast’s head.”
Now beasts are kind, if kind you treat them,—
But do not like you if you beat them.
Use them but well, they’ll work for you;
But blows, though jokes, you oft may rue.
So thought this one, and though he hid it
He *felt* the wrong,—knew Span had done it.

A week or two had passed when they
Next took their drive the self-same way.
The street was full of booths and stalls;
The air was full of noise and bawls;

They came close by where nuts were sold ;
The beast then thought of wrongs of old.
" So come, my friend, 'tis now my turn
To teach you what you need to learn.
To crack your nut you gave me pain ;
But you can bear, of course, the same."
Then in his trunk he took a heap
And sent them, with a swift strong sweep,
Straight at the head of poor old Span ;
The folks cried out,— then off they ran.
One nut struck Span so hard and full,
It broke the nut,—and broke Span's skull.

School-mates,—when you are rough, not kind,
Think twice,—bear *tut for tat* in mind.

"Hoe your own Row."

I think there are some maxims
Under the sun
Scarce worth preservation ;
But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple
'Tis worth while to know ;
And all in the single line—
Hoe your own row.

A good many workers
I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of—
Hoe your own row.

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers, who said,
I've a right to my living,
The world owes me bread!
A right! lazy lubber!
A thousand times No!
'Tis his, and *his only*,
WHO HOES HIS OWN ROW.

—*Alice Carey.*

Spring Weather.

It shines, it rains,
Then shines again;
What does the weather mean?
It hangs in doubt:
The sun comes out
With dazzling mists between.

Now dark, now light,
Like day, like night,
'Tis changing, fickle weather;
It mists at times,
Then rains or shines,
And sometimes all together.

O, now I see
It is like me,
A wise head, and a dunce;
I fret, I smile,
Then cry awhile,
And sometimes all at once.

I pout, I pet,
Well pleased I get
Both diligent and lazy;
In my own way
Is such a day,
When rainy, shiny, hazy.

The Little Boy's Dream.

LAST night, when I was in bed,
Such fun it seemed to me;
I dreamed that I was grandpapa,
And grandpapa was me.

I thought I wore a powdered wig,
Drab shorts, and gaiters buff,
And took, without a single sneeze,
A double pinch of snuff.

But he was such a tiny boy,
And dressed in baby-clothes;
And I thought I smacked his face, because
He would n't blow his nose.

And I went walking up the street,
And he ran by my side;
But because I walked too quick for him,
My goodness, how he cried!

And after tea I washed his face,
And when his prayers were said,
I blew the candle out, and left
Poor grandpapa in bed.

Love One Another.

(For a School or Class in Concert.)

We will love one another: for God loves to see
Little brothers and sisters together agree;
A cross, angry word, or a thought that's unkind,
Should not come from our lips, should not dwell on
our mind.

We will love one another. When one has done wrong,
We will not go on with our play nor our song;
How can we be merry, or playful, or glad,
When a brother or sister is naughty and sad?

We will love one another: the day may soon come
When we shall not all live in our dear happy home;
Or perhaps one may die; 'twould be sad then, indeed,
To think while he lived that we had not agreed.

We will love one another: for how can we be
Fit to live with our God, if we do not agree?
There are no angry words, thoughts, nor tempers,
above,
For Jesus is there;—and God's own name is love.

"It Would Hurt my Father."

Two children, Frank and Charlie,
Upon a summer day,
In a large and pleasant garden,
Together were at play.
Beneath a tree they lingered,
Whose branches overhead
Were thickly hung with cherries,
So tempting, ripe and red.

Said Frankie, looking upward,
 " How nice that fruit must be ?
Let us gather some and taste it—
 There's no one near to see."
" No, no," his playmate answered,
 In a firm, yet gentle tone,
" For you know my father told us
 To leave the fruit alone."

" But your father cannot see us ;
 And even if he knew,
He is far too kind to hurt you,
 So let us pluck a few."
But Charlie by this reasoning
 Could not be turned aside ;
" I know he would not hurt me,"
 He instantly replied ;

" But it would hurt my father,
 If I should disobey ;
I do not wish to grieve him,
 So, Frankie, come away."
Then together from temptation
 They very quickly fled,
And left, untouched, the cherries,
 So luscious, ripe and red.

True love and true obedience
By Charlie were displayed;
Let his behavior, children,
Be your example made.
Oh! may you each remember
The moral of my song,
Nor hurt your parents' feelings
By doing what is wrong.

PART II.

DIALOGUES, ETC.

A Talk about School.

Frank. I think it is too bad that I have to go to school every day. Mother won't let me stay away a single day, no matter how much I want to go and ride,—and no matter who comes to see me I must go to school. Is your mother as particular, George?

George. Yes, Frank, my mother wishes me to be very regular at school, but then I wish to be there every day because I love my school.

Frank. But what's the use of being so particular about going every single day?

George. Much use, Frank. We go to school to learn, and our teacher is there to teach us. Now if we stay away we don't learn our lessons, and get behind in our class.

Frank. That may be, but only a day once in awhile can make no difference.

George. There, Frank, you are wrong. If we are absent a single day we do not learn the lessons of the day,—and that is not all, we form a bad habit.

Frank. That may be so, but I do not like school.

Can you, George, truly say that you like to go to school?

George. Yes, I can. I love my school, and I love my teacher, and I love to do as my parents and teacher wish. I think, Frank, that we shall be the happiest when we obey our teachers and parents. Why do we go to school at all?

Frank. I go because father and mother make me go. If I had my way I would never go near a school.

George. Why, Frank, how you talk. Do you want to grow up and be like Tom Duncce? You know he can neither read nor write, and he is not fit to do any decent business, and now do you want to be like him? If you do, stay away from school and people will soon point at you and call you Tom Duncce, Jr. How would you like that?

Frank. I wouldn't like that at all, but I don't like school any better.

George. If I will tell you how you can learn to love school, will you try to do as I say?

Frank. Yes, I'll try,—for I would like to love my school as well as you do, and then I shall not wish to stay at home for any reason.

George. Remember, then, that you go to school to learn; that your parents and teachers wish to have you learn, and are willing to do all they can for you. Try to do right, and regard the wishes of your parents and teachers, and you will soon love your school and be happy there. That is a good rule which says,

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." If school is worth attending at all it is worth attending regularly.

Frank. Well, George, I believe there is something in what you say, and I will try to follow your advice.

George. That's good. Try and see if I have not told you the truth.

A Wonderful Tool.

Amos. Now, father, please tell me about something you have seen in your travels. What is the most wonderful thing you have ever seen?

Father. Why, I can hardly tell, my son, I have seen so many wonderful things. But one of the most wonderful things was a tool I saw a man using.

Amos. A tool, father?

Father. Yes, a tool, or a kind of instrument; but we may as well call it a tool.

Amos. What is the name of it, and what is it for? Is it a new invention or an old one?

Father. It is not a new invention. It has been in use for many years, I believe. It is, used for a great many purposes, and that is what makes it so wonderful.

Amos. Please tell me what can be done with it.

Father. It can be used for a paddle, a mallet, a thimble, and a basket.

Amos. O, father, you are only joking.

Father. No, my son, I am not joking. It is really as I say. I have seen it used for all these purposes.

Amos. But I don't see how it is possible that the same thing can be used for a mallet and a thimble.

Father. But it is; and I have seen it used for more curious purposes still.

Amos. What were they, father? do tell me.

Father. I have seen it used for a brush, a press, a dipper, a spinning machine, a pair of scales, a dibble, and—

Amos. A dibble? What is a dibble, father?

Father. A dibble is a small pointed stick, used to make holes in the ground.

Amos. And can you use this wonderful tool for a dibble?

Father. Yes, and for a pair of tongs, and for a stopper, and it does pretty well for a cork-screw, too.

Amos. What a tool! What a wonderful invention! I dare say it costs a great deal of money.

Father. Not so very much.

Amos. O, father, I wish you had brought one home with you.

Father. I did bring two with me, and to-morrow I will let you see one, and show you how to use it.

Amos. But, please father let me see it now: I can hardly wait, I wish so much to see it.

Father. Well, my son, you may see it now. It is

called a *hand*, and this is it (holding out his right hand).

Amos. O, father, I have seen that many times, but I never thought of its being so wonderful as it now seems to be.

Father. Remember, my son, that all God's works are wonderful, and think what a wonderful Being he must be who creates all things.

The Comparison:—or, The Creator and His Works.

MARY.

Come and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of flowers; her leaves glow like fire; the air is filled with her sweet odor; she is the delight of every eye.

CLARA.

The rose is indeed beautiful, but there is a fairer than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose. He is all lovely; He is the delight of every heart.

JOHN.

I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong. When he raiseth up himself from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

CLARA.

Yes, the lion is strong, but He that made the lion is stronger than the lion; His anger is terrible; He could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of His hand.

CHARLES.

I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

CLARA.

The sun is glorious, but He that made the sun is more glorious than the sun. The eye beholdeth Him not, for His brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places,—by night as well as by day; and the light of His countenance is over all His works.

MARY, JOHN, AND CHARLES.

Who is this great Being, and what is He called, that our lips may praise Him?

CLARA.

This great Being is GOD. He made all things, but He is himself more excellent than all He hath made; they are beautiful, but He is beauty; they are strong, but He is strength; they are perfect, but He is perfection.

The Neglected Lesson.

William. O, mother, I cannot get this lesson; it is so very hard. The words will not stay in my mind a moment.

Mother. I fear you have something in your mind that crowds your lesson out. I cannot see anything difficult in the lesson. What are you thinking of?

William. I was thinking that I wished I could finish getting my lesson, and go out to play ball with the other boys.

Mother. I fear you are thinking more of the play than of the lesson; and that makes all the difficulty.

William. Why should not I go out to play as well as those boys? I am sure I don't know what I have done to be kept in, while they are out playing.

Mother. You are not kept in for anything you have done, but for what you have *not* done.

William. It is very hard to be deprived of play, because I could not get my lesson.

Mother. Not because you *could* not, but because you *did* not. If you had studied your lesson when the other boys did theirs, you might have gone out with them.

William. But, Mother, I did try a little while, at first, to get it.

Mother. That was not enough. When you have anything to do, I wish you to do it as well as you

can, and think of nothing else till it is done; for you cannot do two things well at the same time.

William. Indeed, mother, I wish I had studied better, for I desire very much to go out. I know it is my duty to study; and to try to please my parents, who are so very kind to me.

Mother. No lesson will be difficult, when the whole mind is given to it, with an earnest desire to get it.

A Great Secret.

Charles. Richard gets his lesson quicker than I do: what can the reason be? He is not three weeks older than I am, and does not appear to know more than I do about other things.

Mother. Did you ever happen to sit near him when he was studying?

Charles. Yes, that I have; and I would rather sit next to any boy in school.

Mother. Why?

Charles. Because there is no comfort in it; he will not let anybody speak to him.

Mother. What! Not to ask a reasonable question?

Charles. O, as to that, he helps me sometimes when I do not understand my lesson; he is always good-natured enough about that; but what I mean is, ask him to look at anything funny, or want to

talk to him about any of our plays a minute, he says I disturb him, and take off his attention; and if I go on, just to whisper a little, he takes up his book and marches off somewhere else.

Mother. He complains that you take off his attention, does he?

Charles. Yes, mother: is not that cross in him?

Mother. Richard has learned a very important secret, I see.

Charles. A secret? What? One that helps him get his lessons?

Mother. Yes.

Charles. I wish I could find it out.

Mother. I can tell it to you in one word, which you used just now.

Charles. What can it be?

Mother. Attention, Charles: attention! That will enable you to learn your lesson as easily as Richard does. The reason why he learns quicker than you do is, that he does not allow other things to take up his mind. In other words, he gives his whole attention to the lesson, and when you will do the same you will learn your lessons as well as he does. Will you try it?

Charles. Certainly I will, mother, and if what you say is correct I will surely learn my lessons as well as Richard, and I will thank you for telling me what my fault was.

Kindness Recommended.

Jack. Good morning, Solomon.

Solomon. Good morning, Jack : I see you are going about with Isaac Wilson, and the people say you have come to live with him a while, and try to make something of him.

Jack. I expect to stay there till my father begins his haying and harvest.

Solomon. You will find Isaac very much like the jockey's horse, that had but two failings.

Jack. What were those two ?

Solomon. One was, the horse was hard to catch.

Jack. What was the other ?

Solomon. When they had caught him, he was good for nothing.

Jack. I hope Isaac is not so bad as the horse you tell of; he will make a very decent man yet, if he will only try in earnest.

Solomon. Ay, there is the difficulty, my good fellow;—who can change that bag of sand into a smart boy ?

Jack. I should hardly think that any young lad would be such a dolt as not to try to make himself respectable in the world.

Solomon. You might as well teach a fish to eat grass in the fields, as to make anything of that lazy fellow.

Jack. We should be very careful, Solomon, about speaking evil of our neighbors.

Solomon. Well, I know it is wrong; but I do not know that we can say anything good about Isaac Wilson. Every one talks against him, and says the same that I do. He is so bad that one cannot speak too harshly of him.

Jack. But I think the true way is to keep silent, if we cannot speak well of one; certainly silence is better than slander.

Solomon. I think there is truth in what you say, and I feel that I have done wrong. I am sorry for my thoughtlessness, and am resolved to be more careful for the future.

Jack. I am truly glad to hear you say so, Solomon. Perhaps the very reason Isaac is so bad as you represent is, that every one has been against him, and treated him as though he was really a worthless fellow. Now, I intend to treat him kindly, and, if possible, induce him to respect himself; and if you and others will aid me, I hope he may yet become a happy and useful member of society. At any rate, let us do right, and treat him as we ought, and then we shall not be in fault if he continues to do wrong.

Solomon. I will certainly do all I can to aid you. Good evening.

Jack. Good evening, Solomon.

A Place for Everything.

Mary. I wish you would lend me your thimble, Sarah, for I can never find mine when I want it.

Sarah. And why can you not find it, Mary?

Mary. I am sure I cannot tell, but if you do not choose to lend me yours, I can borrow of somebody else.

Sarah. I am willing to lend it to you, but I should like to have you tell me why you always come to me to borrow, when you have lost anything?

Mary. Because you never lose your things, and always know where to find them.

Sarah. And how, then, do you think that I always know where to find my things?

Mary. How can I tell? If I knew, I might sometimes contrive to find my own.

Sarah. I will tell you the secret, if you will hear it. I have a set place for everything, and after I have done using a thing, I always put it in its proper place, and never leave it to be thrown about and lost.

Mary. I never can find time to put my things away; and who wants, as soon as she has used a thing, to have to run and put it away, as if one's life depended upon it?

Sarah. Your life does not depend upon it, Mary, but your convenience does; and let me ask, how much more time it will take to put a thing in its

proper place, than to hunt after it when it is lost, or to borrow of your friends?

Mary. Well, Sarah, I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it.

Sarah. Why, you are not offended, I hope.

Mary. No, but I am ashamed, and am determined before night to have a place for everything, and to keep everything in its place.

The Good Bargain.

Alfred. George, will you come with me? I am going to buy some apples and candy. I have just made a good bargain with John; I have sold him my old kite for twenty cents.

George. But why did he give you so much for it? He might have bought a new one for half that sum.

Alfred. That is so; but he did not know it. He is a little fellow and don't know much. I told him the kite cost me twenty-five cents, and he was glad enough to give me twenty cents for it.

George. Why, Alfred, how could you be so wicked and deceive him, by telling him that you gave so much for it? You know you did not give that.

Alfred. Wicked! Why, if I had not said that I paid more than I really did pay he would not have paid me half so well.

George. And so you told a wicked lie to a little boy, who trusted your word, for the base purpose of cheating him! How could you do so mean a thing? Shame on you, Alfred! I will not stay with you. I will leave you and go and see John. He is none the worse for the loss of his money,—but you, who gained it, will never be trusted, and people will regard you as a liar and a cheat.

Alfred. O, George, do not talk so! I will go and see John myself, and tell him I am sorry, and give him back the money.

George. Very well, then I will say nothing about it. But I hope you will learn a useful lesson. Always remember what our teacher told us: "*A good bargain is one from which both the buyer and seller both get some profit,*"—and not as you seemed to think, that in which one is a cheat and the other is cheated.

Alfred. I will certainly try to remember what you say, and be honest and truthful in the future.

True Courage.

William. Come, Charlie, let us go on the pond and skate.

Charlie. Well, wait till I run and ask my mother; if she is willing I will go.

William. Ask your mother! Nonsense! Come along. I hope you are not tied to your mother's apron-

strings. I don't ask *my* mother *where* I shall go nor *when* I shall go.

Charlie. Then I am sorry for you. The Bible commands us "to obey our parents." And besides, my mother is so good that I love to do as she wishes.

William. I don't want any of your preaching, Charlie; I am going to the pond, and you may as well go with me, for we shall have a nice time.

Charlie. Perhaps *you* may,—but I know *I* cannot have a nice time if I disobey my good mother, and I am sure I will not do it.

William. Well, all I have to say is that you are a coward, and a slave, too. I know I can take care of myself without running to my mother whenever I wish to go out of her sight.

Charlie. You may call me a *coward* and a *slave* as much as you please, but I shall not disobey my mother. I should feel that I was really a mean coward if I should disobey her.

William. I should like to know what she has to do with your skating. Isn't she willing that you should have a little sport now and then?

Charlie. My mother always wishes me to enjoy myself, and if she thinks it safe she will let me go and skate. But she told me never to go without her permission, and I told her I would not, and I am sure I will not tell a lie. I think *you* would be quite as happy if you would regard your mother's wishes more.

William. But why so? Why should I always mind my mother?

Charlie. If you will consider how kind your mother is, and how much she does for your happiness, you will be willing to obey her. Our mothers know what is best for us, and so long as they do so much for us we ought to be willing to do all we can to please them. Am I not right, William?

William. Well, I do think there is truth in what you say, and I will try to follow your example.

Charlie. Good for you, William. I am sure you will never be sorry for your decision. Try to be good and obedient and God will help you if you ask Him.

Right and Wrong.

Warren. Come, Thomas, let us go into Mr. Smith's field and have some fun. We can easily climb over the fence.

Thomas. But do you know what is written on the board over the gate?

Warren. Why yes,—it says "*No one is allowed to trespass on these grounds.*"

Thomas. And what does that mean, friend Warren?

Warren. Why, I suppose it really means that no one is to go into the field; but what is the harm if no one sees us?

Thomas. Your reason is a very bad one. If it is right to go it does not make any difference whether any one sees us or not;—and if it is wrong, we ought not to go on any account.

Warren. If it would really do any harm we ought not to wish to go,—but if we do no harm I do not see why we may not go.

Thomas. Would you think it right to go into Mr. Smith's garden without permission?

Warren. Certainly not, Thomas.

Thomas. Well, that field is just as much private property as the garden, and we have no right to enter either without Mr. Smith's consent.

Warren. But a field is different from a garden.

Thomas. It is different in some respects,—but one should be just as secure against trespass as the other. The true way, Warren, is never to do anything that you would be ashamed or afraid to have others know. Remember, that there is an Eye that sees all we do. Now, when you are tempted to do anything not quite right with a feeling that no one will see you, just say to yourself "Thou God seest me."

Warren. I thank you, Thomas, for what you have said. I believe you are right, and I will try to profit from what you have said.

The Book of Thanks.

Charles. I feel so vexed with Ben for breaking my cart, that I really must—

Mary. Do something in revenge. I suppose you will say.

Charles. No, not that exactly,—but I must look over my Book of Thanks.

Mary. Your Book of Thanks, brother! what is that? Let me see it will you, please?

Charles. O, here it is, and I will read some of it to you: "March 8th, 'Ben lent me his new knife.' 'March 10th, Ben showed me his new book.'" And again, only a few days ago: "June 19, Ben gave me a new string for my kite." There, I think I will turn down a leaf there. Ben is a pretty good boy after all. Don't you think so, sister?

Mary. Certainly I do. But what do you write down in that book? I would like to see it.

Charles. Our teacher told us, last winter, that everybody has some good about him, and if we would look for it we should find more of it than we expected, and that this would make us happier than looking for the bad. She also said, if we would note down the different acts of kindness shown to us, we should soon be surprised at the number of them. So I write them down in this book, and when I am cross with any one, I look over this book and it nearly always

makes me feel good-natured again. Look at my book, sister, and say if you do not think it a good plan.

Mary. (Takes the book and reads): "Feb. 4, Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the day at her house, and she made it very pleasant for me. 'Feb. 9. I broke my sled while sliding down hill, John Jones came along and said he was very sorry, and he would stop and help me fix it, but he was going an errand for his mother.' 'March 1. I have been sick two weeks, and Mrs. Smith came several times to see me, and brought me some nice things.'" Why, really, brother, this is quite a good plan. But why do you put "Father and mother" at the top of every page?

Charles. O, they show me so much kindness that I cannot write it all down, and so I just write their names.

Mary. And what is this at the beginning of the book,—“Every good gift is from above!”

Charles. That I put there as a sort of title page, to remind me that the Lord gives me not only all my kind friends, but all the good things I have. And, while I feel grateful to my friends for all their goodness, I am, most of all, thankful to my Heavenly Father for life and all its blessings.

Mary. Very good, brother Charles, I see your plan, and it is a good one. I wish all boys, and girls too, would imitate your example. I will certainly do so, and make me a Book of Thanks this very day.

Who Gives us All Things ?

Jane. Mary, do you really think, as I heard you say, that you have nothing to thank God for. Does He not give you anything ?

Mary. No, I am sure He does not. My father and mother give me all I have.

Jane. But does not God give you your pleasant home ?

Mary. No, I am sure He does not. My father owns the house we live in.

Jane. How came your father to own it ?

Mary. He made it himself.

Jane. Did he make the boards and lumber of which the house is built ?

Mary. Why, no, he bought them of the merchant.

Jane. And where did the merchant get them ?

Mary. He bought them of the man who made them.

Jane. Of what are boards and lumber made ?

Mary. Of trees, I suppose.

Jane. Yes,—and who made the trees ?

Mary. They grew out of the ground.

Jane. Well, who made the ground for them to grow in ? Did your father, or any other man make it ?

Mary. No : it was not father ; he couldn't make the ground, nor could any man.

Jane. You are right, Mary. No man could do it.

It was God who made the ground and all things else.
He gives us all we have.

Mary. Does God really give us all things?

Jane. Yes, God is the giver of every good and perfect gift. All our happiness comes from Him. He gives us the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink.

Mary. Why Jane, I never thought of this before. God has really been good to us, and now I think of His goodness I feel that I cannot make a prayer long enough to express all my thanks.

Jane. God does not hear us for our much speaking. He looks into the heart. A grateful heart is well pleasing in His sight. Be thankful to your Heavenly Father who is your best friend and always willing to aid you.

The Meaning of Duty.

Son. Father, what is the meaning of *duty*? The teacher told us, to-day, if we would be good and happy, we must do our *duty*.

Father. *Duty*, my son, is that which we owe to ourselves, and to others.

Son. But how can we owe ourselves anything? That is something that I never thought of before.

Father. Ought you not to eat, drink, and sometimes play, when you have nothing else to do?

Son. O, yes sir; though that is very easy, and something that I like to do; but is that what *duty* means?

Father. That is a part of its meaning; but ought you not also to work, study, and often do a great deal that is not so pleasant as it is to eat, drink, and play?

Son. Yes sir, I suppose I ought; but is that all you mean by my *duty to myself*?

Father. No, that is not all; for no one can do his *duty to himself*, unless he is willing to do his *duty to others*.

Son. Why, father, it seems to me that *duty* is a very hard word to learn the meaning of; and I do wish you would explain it to me in some other way.

Father. Well, I will try. Did you hear your mother tell little Henry, this morning, to gather up his playthings, put them into his wagon, and draw them out of the room?

Son. Yes sir; but can such a little boy have a *duty to do*? I thought *duty* was something too hard for a child like Henry.

Father. That is a mistake; Henry is old enough to obey his parents; and, if he does that, and behaves as well as he can, he does his *duty* as fully as he could, if he were a man.

Son. How can children, like little Henry, have any *duty*, since they are not old enough to know what they ought to do?

Father. It is true, they do not know for themselves

what they ought to do, and that is the very reason why they should be made to obey those who do know.

Son. And what is the best rule for the conduct of those who do not know their duty to others, and have no one to teach them their duty?

Father. My son, can you repeat that verse which your mother taught you last Sabbath?

Son. O yes sir; it is this: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them;" and is this the RULE, father?

Father. Yes; those who order their conduct by that RULE, will be a blessing to others, and, at the same time, they will be good and happy themselves; for thus it is, they will do their *Duty*.

The Golden Rule.

Mother. Mary, have you not been trying to make Rosa give you her doll's house for your box of tea-things?

Mary. Yes, mother; I thought she would like the tea-things quite as well.

Mother. My dear, was it not because you liked the doll's house better, that you wished to make the exchange?

Mary. Yes; I prefer the doll's house; but I heard Rosa say she wanted a set of tea-things, and mine are new, and her doll's house is old.

Mother. I know that her toy is not as new as yours ; but it is much better ; and it is not right to take it from your little sister, in exchange for one that is not worth half as much.

Mary. But if she likes it as well, mother, why is it not right for me to exchange with her.

Mother. Perhaps she might like it as well at first ; but she would soon wish for her doll's house again. Besides, it would be wrong ; for you know that her toy is better than yours.

Mary. Why, Frank gave me his iron hoop for my wooden one, and you did not blame me for taking it ; and his hoop is worth twice as much as mine.

Mother. Yes ; but Frank knows the worth of things as well as you ; and if he chooses to give you a good toy for one not as good, I should say he was a kind and noble brother, and that it was right for you to take it.

But would you like to have any one do by you, as you wished to do by your little sister, and give you a poor thing for a good one ?

Mary. No, mother ; I should not like it ; and now I see it would not be right to get the doll's house from little Rosa ; for, it would not be doing to her as I would have her do to me.

Mother. Always remember the Golden Rule, which tells us to do unto others as we would wish them do unto us.

Spring.

Who is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she goes.

The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them.

The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats, to welcome her coming; and when they see her they begin to choose their mates, and to build nests.

Youths and maidens, have you seen this beautiful Virgin, beaming with smiles, and decked with beauty? If you have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

SCHOOL OR CLASS.*(In Concert.)*

Behold, the young, the rosy *Spring*
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er the dewy way.

Summer.

Who is this that cometh from the South, thinly clad in a light garment? Her breath is hot and sultry;

she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade,—and in the clear streams she bathes her languid limbs.

The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries and the grateful acid of fruits,—with the seedy melon, the sharp apple and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her.

The meadows smile at her approach; golden harvests bow before her; the hay-makers welcome her coming, and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears.

When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree,—let me walk with her in the early morning,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the stars of evening appear. Youths and maidens, can you tell me who she is, and what is her name?

SCHOOL OR CLASS.

(In Concert.)

It is Summer! it is Summer! How beautiful she looks;

There is sunshine on the old gray hills, and sunshine on the brooks;

A singing bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,

A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere.

Oh! Summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;

Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil, calm
delights;
I sig'a when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the
plain,
And all the winter long I sing, sweet Summer! come
again.

Autumn.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace and a grave
countenance, stealing upon us unawares? His gar-
ments are red with the blood of the grape, and his
temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat.

His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn
is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown
nuts from the tree. He winds the horn and calls the
hunters to their sport.

The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the
beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding, in the air, and
fall dead at the sportsmen's feet.

Who is he that shakes the nuts from the tree, and
throws a mantle of frost over the decaying herbage?
Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know. Who is he,
and what is his name?

(In Concert.)

Autumn has come, so bare and gray,
The woods are brown and red,
The flowers all have passed away,
The forest leaves are dead.

The little birds at morning dawn,
Clothed in warm coats of feather,
Conclude that they away will roam,
To seek for milder weather.

Winter.

Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles.

He loves the blazing fire, high piled upon the hearth, and a good warm dinner upon his table. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes.

His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares show itself when he is by. He covers the ground with whiteness, whatever he touches turns to ice.

If he were to strike you with his cold hands, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me if you know, who is he, and what is his name?

(In Concert.)

Old Winter is coming again, alack!

How icy and cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back;

He's a saucy old chap to white and black;

He whistles his chills with a wonderful knock,

For he comes from a cold country!

About Going to School.

Susan. Good evening, Annie ; how do you do ?

Annie. My health is very good, Susan ; but there is one thing that troubles me.

Susan. And what is that, dear Annie ?

Annie. Why, mother wants me to go to school all the time, and I don't like to go : I want to stay at home, and play with sister Lucy.

Susan. But do you consider what a privilege it is to have a good school to go to, and to be allowed to go ?

Annie. I never considered much about it ; and if I had, I should not have regarded it as a privilege, I am sure.

Susan. But only think how you would feel, to grow up, and be an ignorant woman !

Annie. Why, I should like to have learning well enough, if I could get it without studying.

Susan. Remember, Annie, that you can obtain nothing worth having without an effort ; and is not learning worth some effort ?

Annie. That is just what mother says ; and she says, too, that we have better schools than children had when she was young.

Susan. That is true ; but did she ever tell you how much better ?

Annie. No ; she has never said much about it.

Susan. Well, I cannot tell you fully, now ; but it is certain that we have better school-houses, and better books, and many other things which seem better ; for I often hear father say how much the schools have improved since he went to school. He says everything is made so easy and pleasant now, that he is almost afraid we don't have to work hard enough to get our learning.

Annie. Really, Susan, I believe I have not considered the subject as I ought.

Susan. Then I hope you will do so for the future, and when you go to school, be sure to go in season. Our teacher does not like to have us tardy.

Annie. I can't see any harm in being a little late, occasionally.

Susan. Why, Annie, how can you say so ? Just consider a moment. If you go to school late, you interrupt the scholars, and they all look up to see who the tardy one is. And, besides, our teacher says that we ought to form the habit of being punctual in the performance of every duty.

Annie. Well, Susan, I think there is truth in what you say, and I will try always to be punctual.

The Seasons.***MARY.**

I LOVE the spring, the gentle spring;
I love its balmy air;
I love its showers, that ever bring
To us the flowerets fair.

JANE.

I love the summer's sky, so bright;
I love the fragrant flowers;
I love the long, long days of light;
But more the shady bowers.

ANN.

I love the autumn's clustering fruit,
That in the orchard lies;
I love its ever-changing suit,
Its trees of brilliant dyes.

SUSAN.

I love stern winter's ice and snow;
I love his blazing fire;
I love his winds that freshly blow;
Yes, winter I desire.

* This and the three following may be spoken by four boys or girls. The last stanza in each should be sung or repeated by all, in concert, or by the whole school.

ALL.

Come, let us sing, we love the spring;
We love the summer too;
While autumn's fruit each one will suit,
To winter give his due.

Animals.

CHARLES.

I LOVE the merry birds that sing,
So sweet, their morning song;
I love to see them on the wing
Speed gracefully along.

JOHN.

I love beneath the limpid wave
To see the fishes glide;
I love to watch them as they lave
So gaily in the tide.

FRANK.

I love each prancing, noble steed;
I love the dog, so true;
I love the gentle lamb; indeed,
Without, what could we do?

HENRY.

I love the little busy bee ;
I love the patient ant,—
For they this lesson teach to me,—
“ We need not ever want.”

ALL.

Yes, we will love the gentle dove,—
The birds that sing so sweet ;
The fishes all, and insects small,
The beasts we daily meet.

The Elements.

MARTHA.

I LOVE the blue and far-off sky ;
I love the beaming sun ;
The moon and stars, that, up on high
Shine bright when day is done.

ALICE.

I love the very air we breathe ;
I love, when flowerets bloom,
At early morn, or dewy eve,
To inhale the sweet perfume.

JENNIE.

I love the ocean, vast and grand ;
I love to hear its roar ;
I love the waves that kiss the sand,
And those that proudly soar.

GENEVRA.

I love the broad and fruitful earth ;
I love each hill and dale ;
I love the spot that gave me birth ;
My own dear native vale !

ALL.

We love, on high, to see the sky ;
We love the broad, blue sea ;
We love the earth, that gave us birth ;
We love the air, so free.

A Welcome.

KIND friends ! we bid you welcome here,
With harp and song we greet you ;
With right good cheer, in this place so dear,
We're happy now to meet you.

The School.—Then welcome, welcome here to-day,
We give you kindly greeting,
For happy are we, each face to see,
In this, our yearly meeting.

Our parents dear! your deeds of love
Our lives with joy are filling;
Oh, may they move our hearts to prove
To you both true and willing.

The School.—Then welcome, &c.

We greet these friends, both old and new,
We know they're kind and loving;
We would they knew how warm and true
The gratitude they're proving.

The School.—Then welcome, &c.

As hearts and voices here shall blend,
In thanks for mercies given,
For each kind friend there shall ascend
A fervent prayer to Heaven.

The School.—Then welcome, welcome here to-day,
We give you kindly greeting;
And hopeful are we, each face to see,
In yet a happier meeting.

—*Eliza Doolittle.*

Our Friends.**AMOS.**

I LOVE my father, ever kind ;
I love to meet his smile ;
I love to see him pleasure find
In watching me the while.

EDWIN.

I love full well my mother dear ;
I love her cheering voice ;
Her gentle words I wait to hear ;
They make my heart rejoice !

THOMAS.

I love my little brother sweet ;
I love his words of glee ;
I love his playful glance to meet,
His beaming smile to see.

FREDDIE.

I love my little sister fair ;
I love her rosy cheek ;
I love with her each joy to share,
Her happiness to seek.

ALL.

Our friends are dear, that we have here,
But, better far than all,
There's one we love, who dwells above,
And on His name we call.

The Inquirer.**MARY.**

WHO showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store ?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss ;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours ?

SUSAN.

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill ;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do His holy will.

MARY.

And where is God, so great and wise ?
Can He with us consent to dwell,
Or does He live above the skies,—
Do you know, and will you tell ?

SUSAN.

In the sun, the moon, the sky ;
On the mountains wild and high ;
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain ;
In the little birds that sing :
God is seen in *every* thing.

The Stars.

CHILD.

MOTHER, why do the stars, to-night,
Shine down so prettily,
Casting abroad their modest light
O'er all the sparkling sea ?
Who made them, mother ?—did not He
Who built the earth and sky ;
Who gives us air to breathe so free,
And souls that never die ?

MOTHER.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
And scatter'd them on high ;
He holds them that they do not fall,
Fixed firmly in the sky.

CHILD.

Say, mother, will this glorious One
Love children such as I;
And take us, when we die, to dwell
With Him above the sky?

MOTHER.

If you are good, He will, my child;
If you delight in prayer,
He'll take you to His Heavenly home,
To reign forever there.

CHILD.

Then I will love Him; and each day
I'll bend my knees in prayer;
He'll teach a child what words to say,
And then I know He'll hear.

The Volunteers.

SON.

"FATHER! I've seen the volunteers
Dressed out in red and blue;
And I should like to hear you tell,
What they intend to do!"

FATHER.

"These are our country's soldiers, boy;
And they intend to go
To fight their country's battles,
Away in Mexico!"

SON.

"The country's battles! what are they?
And what is fighting for?
I thought that folks were shot and killed,
Whene'er they go to war!"

FATHER.

"Just so, my boy, these volunteers,
For glory and renown,
Will shoot and kill the Mexicans,
And burn their cities down!"

SON.

"What have they done—those Mexicans—
I should be glad to know?
I think I never heard before
Of serving people so!"

FATHER.

"Done! They're a weak and paltry race,
And all the papers say,
They owe our nation certain sums
Which they refuse to pay."

SON.

"Well ; Peter Jones is owing me
A sixpence for a knife ;
I'll go some night and burn him out,
And take the fellow's life !"

FATHER.

"What ! take his life ? What do you mean—
That would be very wrong ;
You would be tried for murder, boy,
And on the gallows hung !"

SON.

"Then why not hang the volunteers ?
Is it more wicked then,
To shoot and kill a single boy,
Than kill a thousand men ?"

Needful Changes.

KATE.

"Why do the clovers turn brown, Aunt Sue ?
Why did the apple blooms fall ?
What makes the leaves flutter down, Aunt Sue ?
The wood-vine grow red on the wall ?"

AUNT SUE.

Summer must pass away, little Kate;
Autumn must come in its stead;
Clover must turn to hay, little Kate,
And *fruit* comes when *flowers* are dead.
The leaves have lived their life, little Kate,
They hurry away to the ground,
To wrap the roots of the dainty flowers,
Till another bright Spring comes round.

KATE.

But why don't the Summer stay, Aunt Sue?
What's the use of frost and snow?
Could not God keep the grass green, Aunt Sue,
And forbid the cold winds to blow?
If days were all warm and bright, Aunt Sue,
If rain and snow never fell,
And there was no still dark night, Aunt Sue,
I should like the world twice as well.

AUNT SUE.

All sun would kill the flowers, little Kate;
Could they speak, they'd gladly tell
How much they love the showers, little Kate,
And that God doeth all things well.
They need the rain as much as the sun,—
Each in its turn is best;
And, budding, leaving, and blooming done,
They are glad of the winter's rest.

Rough winds make trees grow strong, little Kate,
The still dark night gives sleep,
And through gloom and storm God guides us on
As a good shepherd guides his sheep.
But there is a Land where flowers never fall,
Where no clouds obscure the sky,
And, trusting our Lord who loves us all,
We shall win to it, by and by.

Our Young Folks.

Preferences.

MARY.

I LOVE the spring, the gentle spring,
When the warm south breezes blow,
When the pretty flowers grow.

SUSAN.

I love the pleasant summer hours,
When the earth is glad and bright,
And butterflies with painted wings
Are sporting in the light.

WILLIAM.

The autumn months are dear to me,
The harvests of the year ;
I love to see the loaded trees,
And the reaper's song to hear.

CHARLES.

I love the cheerful winter best,
I love the frost and snow ;
On the slippery ice, with sleds or skates,
How merrily we can go.

(All repeat or sing.)

We love each season in its turn,
For each is full of joy,
When books, and work, and healthful play,
Our youthful days employ.

Who Made Them ?

SISTER.

BROTHER, what a pretty flower !
There beside are hundreds, see !
What a charming little bower,
For the honey-making bee !

BROTHER.

Sister, know your pretty prize,
Has a charm beside its bloom
For though lovely are its dyes,
Sweeter yet is its perfume.

SISTER.

Brother, tell, who fixed the rose
On the scented hedge-row thorn,—
Made it thus its leaves disclose,
In the silver dew of morn ?

BROTHER.

Sister, on that lowly thorn,
Bending now with glittering dew,
Gladdened by the light of morn,
Know the pretty flow'ret *grew*.

SISTER.

Brother, though you've truly said,
You have not yet answered me ;
Tell who all these branches spread,
Tell who made the parent tree ?

BROTHER.

Sister, know that beauteous bush,
Where the robin oft hath sung,
And where sings the merry thrush,—
From a tiny seed it sprung.

SISTER.

Brother, yet I must inquire,
Though the boughs the blossoms feed,—
Though the seed produce the briar,
Some one must have made the seed ?

BROTHER.

Yes, 'twas He who framed the earth,
Spread aloft yon azure sky,
Gave the myriad stars their birth,
Gave to every flower its dye!

Blessed all living things with life,
Worms that live beneath the clod,
Birds that soar 'bove tempests' strife,—
He whence we have being,—God!

The Little Questioner.

MARY.

"O mother, may I go to school,
With brother Charles, to-day?
The air is very soft and cool:
Do, mother, say I may.

"I heard you say, a week ago,
That I was growing fast;
I want to learn to read and sew,
I'm six years old, and past."

MOTHER.

"Well, little Mary, you may go,
If you will be quite still;
'Tis wrong to make a noise, you know;
I do not think you will.

"Be sure and do what you are told,
And, when the school is done,
Of brother Charley's hand take hold,
And he will lead you home."

MARY.

"Yes, mother, I will try to be,
O, very good, indeed;
I'll take the book you gave to me,
And all the letters read."

The Creator.

SAMUEL.

WHO makes the soft wind blow?
Who makes the bright sun shine?
The flowers and grass that grow
Around this path of mine?
Who makes the shady trees arise,
And spreads their boughs beneath the skies?

Who makes the brook so bright,
From earth's cold bosom spring,
And sparkle in the light,
And sweetly, sweetly sing,
As if an angel lent his voice
To help the rippling streams rejoice?

Who gave the airy bird
Soft feathers and swift wings,
And taught it music-tones,
To charm us when it sings?
Say, who taught the little bird how
To sing so sweetly on the bough?

(A class, or whole school.)

O 'tis our maker, God,
Who gives us every thing,—
The grass, the flowering sod,
The brooks, and birds that sing.
And all the blessings of our days
He sheds upon our happy ways.

What I'd Like to Be.

For a Class of little Girls.

ADA.

I'd like to be a milliner,
And make up bonnets gay;
I'd like to work with plumes, and flowers,
And ribbons all the day.
And then, perhaps, I'd have a shop,
With windows full of show;
And the way I'd call the ladies in
Wouldn't be very slow!

MATILDA.

I mean to be a dress-maker,
And keep in all the styles ;
And by my perfect, charming fits,
Secure my patrons' smiles.
I'd have a busy work-shop, then,
With more than I could do ;
And I'd have girls to help, you know,
And a "Wheeler and Wilson" too.

ELLA.

I'd like to learn to be a cook,
And get up things to eat ;
I'd make up puddings, pies, and buns,
And custards rich and sweet.
I wouldn't like to make the bread—
It's hard to work the dough,—
But then the chickens and the steaks—
I'd do the broiling, though.

IDA.

I want to be a house-keeper,
And keep things done up right ;
I'd have the linen white as snow,
And the silver polished bright.
I'd have no cob-webs hung about,
No dust on parlor chairs ;
I think I'd have things nicely kept
Without a "world of cares."

CARRIE.

I want to be a teacher true,
And keep a little school,
And have the children all do right,
Under my gentle rule.
I mean to learn so many things,
And teach the scholars *well*,
So that they may be wise and good
And in usefulness excel.

LINDA.

I'd like to be a singer sweet,
And have my voice admired;
If I could sing like Jenny Lind,
'Twould be all that I desired.
I'd sing to crowded houses then,
And travel Europe o'er,
I'd see the Queen and Princes too;
What could I ask for more?

FLORA.

I'd like to be a lady fine,
And have nice clothes to wear,
The nicest silks and laces, too,
And jewels rich and rare.
I'd rather like to be a Queen,
With all at my command;
And live in splendid palaces,
The fairest in the land.

MARY.

I'd rather be like good Miss Dix,
And Florence Nightingale :
And do my work in hospitals,
'Mong soldiers sick and pale.
'Twould be delight to give them cheer,
And soothe away their pain.
I'd ask not for the world's applause
Or admiration vain.

RUTH—(a larger girl.)

I would not chide to hear you thus
Of visional wishes tell :
But I would ask that sweet Content
With you may ever dwell ;
That Heaven-blest Virtue e'er may be
The chosen lot of each,
Then whatever station you may fill,
A glorious goal you'll reach.
Oh, Sisters !—let us ever be
Engaged in doing good,
So that of us it may be said,
“ She hath done what she could.”

—*Hope Daily.*

The Months.

(To be spoken by 12 Children.)

JANUARY.

COLD winds, and ice, and chilling snows,
Yet cheerful is the heaven above us,
When wine taints not the blood that flows
Through hearts we love and hearts that love us.

FEBRUARY.

Now sifted through the freezing air,
The pure white flakes whiten the city.
Oh! pity the poor victims where
The fell destroyer has no pity.

MARCH.

The wind wails like a maniac wild,
And shakes the cot from sill to rafter,
Pinching with cold the drunkard's child,
And mocking her soft tears with laughter.

APRIL.

Now changing days of sun and rain
Dissolve the shrinking snow that lingers.
Oh! kindle temperance hopes again,
Sweet buds that bloom, and feathered singers.

MAY.

The fragrant woods and fields are green,
And dandelions deck the meadows,
And buttercups of golden sheen—
The *cups* undimmed by ghastly shadows.

JUNE.

June is the darling of the year,
Full of sweet sounds and sweeter roses ;
So let us pledge in water clear
The truthful lesson it discloses.

JULY.

This is the month of bobolinks,
And meadows full of fragrant clover ;
And happy he who nothing drinks
That tumbles men and morals over.

AUGUST.

O days of heat and scorching skies !
Ripening the corn for daily rations.
How welcome is the cloud that flies
To fill the cups of thirsting nations !

SEPTEMBER.

The mellow fruit hangs on the vine,
And Plenty smiles at all our portals.
Oh ! save us from the serpent wine,
Which in our gardens tempt poor mortals.

OCTOBER.

The woodlands wear the rainbow's hue—
The colored flag of fair October ;
And nothing, save the sky, is blue ;
And everything, save man, is sober.

NOVEMBER.

The forest leaves are falling fast,
For this is cold and drear November.
O man ! stand like the woodland mast,
Your vow of abstinence remember.

DECEMBER.

The hills and vales are robed in snow,
And Nature now seems calmly sleeping,
Throughout the year this truth we know,
Her PLEDGE is safe within her keeping.

Conversation.

William. Come, Henry, sit down here ; I want to talk to you about matters and things in general, and some in particular. What do you think of rats ?

Henry. What do I think of *rats* ? That is an odd question, but since you have asked it, I will tell you. I think they are a rascally set of long-tailed, sharp-teethed quadrupeds, which live in barns, cellars, old

walls, and many other places. They eat all kinds of grain, gnaw holes in doors and floors, and do a great amount of mischief.

W. I think you must be a lawyer, for you give a long opinion upon a very short subject. But what do you think of the moon?

H. I think the moon is a beautiful planet, for it gives us light at night, when it would otherwise be quite dark. You know moonlight nights are very pleasant.

W. That will do on that subject. No, you may tell me if you think the moon is made of green cheese, but don't be too long about it.

H. I don't know what it is made of, for I never was up there to see, but I suppose it is made of much the same material as the earth; but it has no such atmosphere, and probably there is no water on the moon.

W. There, I'm real glad you stopped. You're a roarer to go ahead. Do you always keep on, continuing to persevere and press forward at that rate? But never mind now, just tell me what you think of skating on a dry mill-pond.

H. You must be beside yourself, to talk about a *dry* mill-pond. How could there be a mill-pond where there is no water? And water is never dry, I believe.

W. Well, what do you think of wild geese and porcupines?

H. They are very unlike, for wild geese are noble looking bipeds, and belong to the second class of animals, while porcupines are dull, awkward quadrupeds, and belong to the first class of animals.

W. Well, that will do. What is your opinion of goats?

H. I believe wild goats are well adapted to live among the mountains where they spend most of their days. They jump from rock to rock with great ease. They are free and fearless in their mountain homes.

W. Why, Henry, you really astonish me with your learning. Let me ask you one more question,—a very important one: What do you think of cats?

H. What do I think of cats? Why, cats are,—yes—cats are cats. Does that suit you?

W. Certainly, nothing could be more to the point,—and then so brief and so well expressed. You are certainly a prodigy.

H. Well, I am right glad if I have pleased you once. But I must leave you, so good-night.

The Straying Horse.

Traveler. Stranger, have you seen a horse straying in this direction?

Stranger. Was he blind in his right eye?

Trav. He was.

Str. And lame in one leg?

W. Yes.

Str. Had he lost a front tooth?

Trav. He had.

Str. And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?

Trav. Most certainly he was. And now will you tell me where to find him.

Str. My friend, I have never seen your horse, nor have I ever heard of him except from yourself.

Trav. A strange assertion truly! But you have betrayed yourself. I shall hold you responsible for the jewels which formed a part of his burden. You need not resist. You must go with me to the officer of justice and answer to the charge of robbery.

Str. But, hold, be not too hasty. Hear me. I knew a horse had passed, because I saw his track.

Trav. But how did you know that he had *strayed* from his owner?

Str. Because there was no mark of a human footstep on the same route.

Trav. How did you know that he was *blind*?

Str. Because he cropped the grass only on one side of the path.

Trav. Why did you suppose him *lame*?

Str. I noticed that the impression of one foot was fainter than that of the others.

Trav. How did you know he had lost a front tooth?

Str. Wherever he grazed, the herbage was left uncropped in the *center* of the bite.

Trav. Well, this all seems to be plausible. If you can explain the manner in which you obtained a knowledge of what composed his burden, I shall be satisfied.

Str. That is easily done. I had only to look at the ants carrying away the wheat on one side, and the flies devouring the honey on the other.

Trav. I am perfectly satisfied. As you are so well qualified, I hope you will not refuse to assist me in finding him.

Str. Certainly not.

PART III.—PROSE.

Introductory Address.

DEAR PARENTS AND FRIENDS :

We are glad to meet you here at this time. We bid you a cordial welcome to our school-room, and hope that our exercises will interest you. We certainly will try to do as well as we can.

But you must remember that we are quite young. We have not yet got far up the "Ladder of Learning," but we are trying to get higher and higher every day,—and we thank you for all the help and encouragement you have given us.

We would not forget that you have provided for us this pleasant room, that you have furnished us with books, and given us a kind teacher, who is ever ready to tell us how to go up the "Ladder," and if need be help us to take a step higher.

We feel that we can never repay our dear parents and teachers for all they do for us. But we will try so to improve our time, and so to learn our lessons, that they will feel paid for what they have so kindly done.

In behalf of my teacher and school-mates I thank you for your presence, and again assure you that we

will do all in our power to make you feel glad that you have come.

But while we are thankful that

We've a home and kind friends and a plenty to eat,
And clothing sufficient, both decent and neat,
And books, that our minds may to knowledge aspire,
And all that we can in reason desire;
That to care for our comfort, and only for this,
And forget our poor neighbors, how selfish it is.

As Christ has commanded, we'll constantly try
Our neighbors to love and ourselves to deny;
From our own little pleasures a trifle we'll spare,
To gladden their hearts and to lighten their care;
That whatever our friends find in our conduct amiss,
Of none may they say "*O how selfish he is.*"

Industry.

THERE are many good things to be got out of the earth. But men must plough and sow before they can reap, and plant before they can gather fruit. If they would have coals to burn, they must dig them; and metals from the mine, they must work hard to get and refine them.

There are riches in the wide sea. But the net must be spread ere the fishes can be taken. The

whale must be pursued into the far, deep waters, to get the oil for our lamps, and the sperm candles, whose light is so pure.

In the large cities are many buildings. But the stones and timber, the bricks and boards, the iron and glass, of which they are made, were procured with toil; and the masons and joiners worked hard to put them together, and sometimes risked their lives upon high roofs and steeples.

From foreign climes we get many things; sugars from the West India islands, and teas from China, and silks from France. But ships must go forth into distant seas; and the poor sailor bear the storm, and climb the mast, in darkness, before they can be brought to us.

There is much knowledge in books. But learned men have labored together and put it there; and the paper-maker, and the printer, and the binder, have worked hard to preserve it. The young must study to obtain it, and to store it in their minds.

It is so ordered in this world, that our good things are gained by industry. It is our duty, and for our comfort, to make use of the powers, and improve the time, that God has given us. The idle are never happy.

Let us, then, dear schoolmates, feel that we have something to do every day, and let us try to be faithful. May we daily make improvement and merit the praise of our teacher and our parents.

God is Great.

O, how great God must be in power, to make the world and all things that are in it; to hang up the sun, moon, and the stars, in the heavens; to guide the winds, the storm, and the lightning; and to measure the waters of the sea in the hollow of His hand!

How great must He be in wisdom, to know all things in heaven and earth, and to order all things well! His eyes are in every place; He sees the evil and the good; there is no end of His knowledge and wisdom.

How great must he be in goodness, to provide for the wants of all the creatures He has made; to hang the sky with clouds; to clothe the earth with beauty; and to prepare heaven above for those who love Him.

"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

The more we read the Holy Scriptures, and pray to God, and praise Him, and love Him, and obey Him, the more we shall know Him, and enjoy Him, and rejoice in Him.

The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. We should delight in His love, and fear to offend Him.

Our health, our friends, and parents dear,
To us by God are given;
We have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

The Stars.

THERE is nothing in all we see of God's works more glorious and beautiful than the starry sky. Every one of those bright twinkling objects is a world by itself. The number of them no person can count. Telescopes have been contrived for the purpose of helping us to see farther than the eye can reach, and by this means many stars have been discovered that before were unknown.

But there are regions into which no eye has yet looked, and which wise men tell us may be full of other worlds as bright and beautiful as those we see. How wonderful is the skill which formed them, and how mighty the power by which they are upheld !

We do not know for what end these heavenly bodies were made. We know of what use the sun and the moon are to us, and we have good reason to believe that each of the countless stars has its share in reflecting the glory of the Creator upon other worlds, and giving happiness to other creatures. That they answer the purpose of their creation, we all know, for we see the beauty and order of their motion, and know the laws by which they are governed.

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

The Young Tyro.

WHEN such a little chap as I,
Comes out in such a place;
With a merry twinkle in his eye,
And a smile upon his face,

I suppose the people wonder
How on earth he will get through,
And where he'll "steal his thunder," —
If he fails, what he will do.

Now, you never fear for me. I shall not fail. I know my piece like a book. I never boast like Will Brag, or Tom Know-every-thing, but I do know some things. I can read and spell, without missing more than five words in ten. I have studied geography, arithmetic, and object lessons, too. I know the world is round, and the maps look very pretty when they are painted nice. I know land from water on the map, because the land is painted. I can add some figures pretty fast, and can repeat the first line of the multiplication table. Then the object lessons—are n't they splendid? Why, I can tell a kite from a ball—a horse from a cow, and a dog from a cat, and various other objects. I can tell the names of colors, too. I know ink is black, (when it is not red or blue), and that snow is white (when it is not mixed with dirt). There is no end to this study. Then I can sing, too!

Would you like to hear me? Well, I'll try.—(*Hesitates, with finger to the lip*). I begin to feel afraid. Susie, will you come up and help me? (*Susie comes, and they sing*).

We're happy, happy all day long,
Each busy as a bee,
With study, exercise, and song,
As any one may see.

Our teachers we obey and love,
And they love us, we know;
Then let us every hour improve,
Our gratitude to show.

We're happy, happy all day long,
We're happy here to-day;
We hope you're pleased with this, our song,
And with what we've had to say.

—*Eliza Doolittle.*

Who is Lovely?

WHO is lovely? It is the little girl who has a kind word and a pleasant smile for those around her.

It is the little girl who has a kind word of sympathy for every little boy or girl whom she meets in trouble, and a ready hand to help others out of difficulty.

It is the little girl who never scowls, never quarrels, never teases her school-mates, nor seeks in any way to lessen, but in all ways to increase their happiness.

Would it please you to pick up pearls or precious stones as you walk along the street? Do not forget that kind words, pleasant smiles, and good deeds, are better than pearls and rare stones.

Then take the side of the friendless; smile on and encourage the sad and lonely; aid those who are in trouble of any kind; be good, and do good, and you will be happy, and all will love you.

The Love of God.

"God is love." We may be sure of this, for the Bible says so, and the Bible cannot lie.

The seasons tell us, God is love; for God gave us the seasons: spring, with its fresh, green leaves; summer, with its flowers; autumn, with its corn and fruit; and winter, with its frost and snow that cleanse the air, and prepare the ground to be more fruitful.

The heavens tell us that God is love; for the sun, moon, and stars, light us, and the clouds give us grateful showers.

The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, say that God is love; for He has given the birds wings to fly with, the beasts the means to provide food, and the fish fins to swim with.

All creatures that breathe, declare that God is love. Look around and see how happy they are; the lambs skip and gambol in the field; the bee and the butterfly flit from flower to flower; and the gnats and flies sport about in the beams of the sun.

If God was not love, He would not love us, sinners as we are, and never would He have given His Son to die for us; but this He has done, and, therefore, He is love, and we ought to love Him forever and ever.

Spring with every charm so sweet,
Summer with its radiant heat,
Autumn with its fruits so fair,
Winter with its chilling air,
All do prove that God above
Is to us a God of love.

The Wasp and the Bee.

A WASP once met a bee and said to him, "Pray can you tell me why men are so rude to me while they seem to be so fond of you. In many respects we are alike, only that I have broad gold rings round my form which make me much prettier than you. But we both have wings, we both love sweets, and we both sting folks when they vex us, yet men hate me and try to kill me, though I am much more with them

than you are, both in the house and out of it. You are so shy that you do not go near them, and yet they build you a grand house and give you plenty of flowers in summer, and even take care of and feed you when cold winter comes. Now can you tell me, neighbor Bee, what all this means?"

"Yes," said the bee, I can tell you all about it. "You do not do them any good, and I fear you often vex them and sometimes sting them and spoil their goods. But they know that I am busy all the day long in laying up honey for their use. If you will begin to do them some good, and be useful, they will do by you as well as by me."

The Young Mouse.

A YOUNG mouse once lived in a box where sweetmeats were kept. She had, each day, nice bread, and jam or cake. Scarcely any other mouse had such good things. She felt quite at home and would come out and peep at the folks while they sat at their meals; and she even ran under the table and got the crumbs and no one hurt her. She would have been all safe and happy had it not been for the cat who once gave her a great fright so that she was glad enough to run to her snug hole.

One day she ran to the old mouse in great joy and said, "O mother, the good folks of this house have

built me a nice place to live in. I am sure it is for me, for it is just my size. It is made of wood, and on the top it has bright wires. I dare say they have made it to protect me from that ugly cat which I fear so much. It has a door just big enough for me, but not big enough for puss; and they have been so good as to put in some cheese,—and it smelt so nice that I was about to go in at once and make it my home,—but then I thought I would tell you first so that we both might live there, for it is large enough for us both.”

“Ah, my dear child, I am glad that you did not go in, for that house is nothing but a trap, and if you had gone in you would never have come out but would have been killed. Remember, my child, that though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is our enemy, and has many ways in which he tries to destroy us.”

The Rat with a Bell.

A LARGE old house was so full of rats that naught could be kept from them; they got up the walls to eat the meat, though it was hung as high as the roof. Shelves let down from the top could not keep the cheese and cakes from them. They ate their way to the store-room, and got at the jams and sweet-meats. They bit through doors, ate the floors, piece by piece, and ran up and down the rooms. The cats could not get at them; they were too sharp and too well fed to

come near traps,—though now and then one got caught. On one of these the folks tied a small bell and then let him run.

Full of joy that he was again free he ran to his hole and in search of his friends. They heard, a long way off, the bell go “tink a ling ling,” and they ran, from fear, in all directions. He, with the bell, ran too, and soon guessed the cause of their flight which gave him great fun. Whenever he came near, the tinkling of the bell started them off at a great speed.

So he drove them from the house. “That’s right,” said he, “the less there are the more for me,” and he kept eating from the goodies until he felt quite full.

For two or three days this course of life went on all right. He ate and ate in great glee. At last he grew sick of such a life when he had no one to speak to,—and he would gladly join his old friends. But how was he now to get rid of his bell? He could not get it off, and it was now his plague and curse. He went from room to room, and tried to have one of his friends see him,—but they all kept away from him.

At last, as he crept through the place, quite sad and weak, he fell in the way of puss and was caught at once.

He who gets to be so strange to his friends as to make them fear him is sure to lose their regard, and will soon be shunned by them.

Good Advice.

DEAR SCHOOLMATES :—Though we are now quite young we are growing older every day. We are now forming habits which will grow stronger and stronger daily. Let us see to it that we form only good habits,—such as will make us better as we grow older. Some one has said that “good or bad habits formed in youth will generally go with us through life.” Surely, we do not wish the company of bad habits through life. Then we must not form them while we are young.

And in order that we may form good habits we must be very careful to keep good company. There are some whom we should avoid lest they do us harm. And let me tell you who some of these are :

Those who disobey their dear parents, or, who in any way treat them unkindly.

Those who profane the Sabbath day and disobey the good Being who made them.

Those who swear or use any improper language.

Those who disobey their teachers and break the rules of school ; those who play truant and spend their time in idleness.

Those who are quarrelsome.

Those who tell falsehoods, and treat their companions unkindly.

Those who make sport of the poor and unfortunate.

Those who are cruel to dumb animals, or who rob the little birds of their eggs or their young.

All such as these, my schoolmates, we should shun, for if we go with them we shall become like them. Let our aim always be to *do right* and keep only the company of those who strive to be good in word, in thought, in action. Then we shall not only be happy but we shall be useful, and our example will be of benefit to others.

The Cruel Boy.

As a robin had, one day, left her nest to seek food for her young birds, a cruel boy killed her with a gun.

The poor little birds did not know why they were left so long without food, and they kept chirping till it was dark, and then they lay still in their nest.

There were five young robins in the nest; and that night three of them became so cold and hungry that they died before morning.

The other two lived till the next day, when one of them, in getting on the edge of the nest, fell out on the ground, and was caught by the cat.

The other poor little creature kept chirping, as long as it had strength to make a noise, and then it died alone in its nest.

Thus, these five pretty young robins were left to perish in this cruel way, because their mother had been shot by a wicked boy.

I hope none of my young friends will forget this story, when they are tempted to kill the harmless birds, or even insects that God has made.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
That sing about our door,
Soon as the smiling spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds, how sweet they sing!
O, let them joyous live!
And never seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

The Boy and the Echo.

LITTLE Casper had never heard an echo, and he knew not what it was.

One morning, when he was playing in the field, he cried out: "*Halloo!*" and instantly he heard, from the neighboring forest, the same word, "*halloo*" repeated.

He was much surprised, and cried out: "*Who are you?*" when the mysterious voice answered, "*Who are you?*"

Casper then said: "*You are a silly boy.*" "*A silly boy*" was the only reply which he heard from the forest.

He now became greatly enraged, and used many angry and insulting expressions; but he was always faithfully answered by the echo.

At last, he hastened to the forest to punish the boy, who, as he thought, had been mocking him. His search, however, proved in vain.

He soon returned to the house, vexed and angry, and complained to his mother of the naughty boy who had been insulting him.

"My son," said his mother, "you betray yourself, since what you complain of was merely the echo of your own words.

"As you have often seen your face reflected from a looking-glass, so you have heard your own voice from the forest.

"If you had spoken pleasant words, you would have received pleasant words in return.

"In our intercourse with others, their conduct is commonly the echo of our own. If we behave properly toward them, they will treat us in the same manner; but if we are haughty and insolent to others, we have no reason to expect any better treatment from them."

The World was Made for Man.

THE world was made for man. The sun shines to give him light by day, and the moon and stars look

down upon him in their glory and beauty by night; and a green carpet is spread over the earth, to please and delight his eye.

Does he want fuel and water? They are ready for his use. Does he want tools to cultivate the soil, or to construct his dwellings? Let him take the iron from the earth, and make them.

Does he want silver and gold? Let him go to the mine, and he shall find them safely laid up for his use.

Does he want food? The hills and the valleys will yield him grain, the air will give him fowls, and the waters are his fishing-place.

Does he want clothing? The sheep bear it on their backs, or the cotton-plant will produce it, or the silk-worm will spin it for him.

The birds shall sing for him, the flowers shall unfold their blossoms, to delight him with their beautiful tints and fragrant odors; and the honey-bee shall toil to procure him sweets.

The beaver and the seal will yield up their lives to supply him with their warm fur, and the great whale in the deep sea, will supply him with oil to light his dwelling.

The ocean, the tides, and the winds, all wait on him, and the ships, loaded with rich products, shall bring him the luxuries of every clime.

Effects of Evil Deeds.

THERE was a little boy who did so many bad things, that he could not count them, nor remember them from one day to another.

His mother, wishing him to see how many evil deeds he was guilty of, told him, for every bad deed, to drive a nail into a post; and for every good deed to draw one out.

The post was soon filled with nails, and he began to be ashamed of his conduct. He then resolved to reform.

As now he began to do good deeds, he went to the post, day after day, and drew out a nail, till at last they were all drawn out. He then took his mother to see the post.

"Ah, yes, my son," said she, "the nails are all out; but the prints of the nails are still there!"

And let us not forget, dear school-mates, that if we indulge in bad habits for a season their influence for evil will long be felt, though we may cease to do evil and learn to do well.

The Bible says, "Out of the heart are the issues of life,"—and if so, let us ever strive to keep our hearts pure and free from sin.

Keep in your own Sphere.

A MAN once had a beautiful little dog, of which he was very fond. He also had a donkey, that was very

useful in drawing the cart and carrying heavy burdens.

The donkey became very jealous when he saw his master caress and pet the little dog. He could see no reason why his master should not pay as much attention to him as to the dog.

Seeing that the dog always ran to his master as soon as he came home, and climbed into his lap, the stupid donkey thought that if he should do the same thing his master would be as fond of him as he was of the dog.

One day, as his master was sitting at the door of his house, the donkey ran to him and put both of his fore feet in his master's lap, just as he had seen the little dog do.

But his thick and heavy hoofs hurt his master very much, and he called aloud to the servants to come and whip the donkey, and drive him away and shut him up in the barn.

School-mates, may we not learn a lesson from this story of the donkey and the dog, and see that is not proper for us to do everything that we see others do.

Let us always consider whether what we wish to do will injure others. It is not right for us to do what would hurt others or injure their feelings, and if we do so we may be treated as harshly as the poor donkey was.

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And

At

the garden, or the grass of the field, than in
on, and stars, that shine in the sky. Man
make the flowers, nor the grass, nor the
and stars.

great and good God made the earth and all
that move upon it. He made the great
swims in the sea, as well as the smallest
lives.

made the little birds that sing among the
of the trees, and the great eagle that soars
in air.

made the earth to bring forth food for man

He also made us, and gives us the air we
eat food we eat, and all our blessings. Surely
to praise Him, for He is good, and wise, and

made the sun to shine by day,
The moon and stars, by night;
little lambs to skip and play,
And flowers to charm the sight.

made the birds with sprightly wing,
To soar up in the sky :
tuned their voice His praise to sing,
And taught them how to fly.

The Bad Scholar.

I AM sorry to say, that in every school there are some bad scholars. I will tell you about the bad scholar, so that you may easily know him.

He is often absent from school, and when he does come he comes late. At home he disobeys his kind parents. In the street he is rude and noisy. He calls names, uses improper language, and quarrels. In the school he is idle. He neglects his lessons, and when called to recite he is not ready.

He often whispers and plays, and causes his teacher much trouble. His shoes and clothes are covered with dirt. His face is unwashed, and his hair is uncombed. He loves the company of bad boys, and does all that he can to make others imitate his example. To his school-mates he is unkind and uncivil. He has no friends, because he never does anything to make friends. If he lives it is to be feared he will become an ignorant and bad man, for he is not walking in the right way. He acts as though his motto was, "*I don't care how I look or what I do.*" His course is sure to lead to a bad end. Then, dear school-mates, let us see that we shun the path of the bad scholar.

The Good Scholar.

WE have just been told about the bad scholar, and I hope we have none such in our school. I will tell

you about the good scholar, and leave you to say whether you will be a good or a bad scholar.

The good scholar is never absent from school unless he is sick or kept at home by his parents. He is never late, but is always in his seat before the hour for school to begin. When in school he is quiet and orderly. He studies his lessons carefully, and recites them correctly. He never plays nor whispers, but seeks in every way to obey his kind teacher.

On the play-ground he is always kind and pleasant. He never quarrels nor does he ever use bad language. He loves to play but he is never rude and cross to his mates.

In the street he is manly and civil. If any one speaks to him he answers pleasantly and politely. His dress is always neat and tidy, his face and hands washed and clean, and his hair well brushed.

At home he is kind and obedient to the dear parents who do so much for him. To his brothers and sisters he is pleasant and obliging. He tries to be good and to do good every day. His motto is, "I will try to do right," and he daily asks his heavenly Father to guide and aid him. Now, school-mates, you have heard about the bad scholar and the good scholar. Which will you be?

Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE is power. The more learning we have the greater will be our power to do good or evil. If we become the most learned of men it will be of no benefit unless we make a right use of our knowledge.

Fire is useful if rightly managed. It may serve to warm us and to cook our food; but if badly used, it may burn down our buildings or even destroy our lives.

Water is likewise very useful for many purposes. It may be used to quench our thirst, grind our grain, and make steam for engines. But it is also capable of doing much harm.

But a bad use of learning will cause much greater evil in the world than a wrong use of fire and water.

The more learning wicked people have the more mischief they will do; but the more knowledge good people have the more good they will do.

While then we are trying to get knowledge, let us also seek to become truly wise and good, that we may employ all our powers for useful purposes.

Perseverance.

As a man was once traveling on the coast of Ireland, he saw a large number of crows trying to break open the shells of the muscles that lay along the shore.

But they found the shells too hard to break with their beaks, and they tried the following method with success :

Each crow took a muscle up in the air to a great distance and let it fall on the stones beneath, and thus obtained the flesh of the muscle.

Now let us learn a lesson from the crows, and when we are tempted to say we "can't do a thing," let us keep trying until we succeed.

Let us not be content with one trial, or one method of trying, but let us persevere and try every way until we find the right way. If we have tried ten times, and in ten ways, one more trial, or one more way, may crown our efforts with success.

School-mates, let us never say, "*We can't*,"—but may our motto be, "We'll try and keep trying until we succeed." And may we always try to do our duty and then we shall be happy.

A Boy's Troubles.

AUNT Libby patted me on the head the other day, and said, "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life."

I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it, got the tail hitched to a tall tree, whose owner would not let her climb up to get it.

I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled, some Saturday afternoon, when it was prime coasting.

I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great lubberly boy, because he would whip her if she did n't. I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap and toss it into a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give her new humming-top to quiet the baby, and had the paint all sucked off.

I guess she never saved all her pennies a whole winter to buy a trumpet and then was told she must not blow it,—because it would make a noise! No; Aunt Libby don't know much. How should she? *She never was a boy.*

Fanny Fern.

Our Wants.

ALL men, women, and children, need clothing, food, lodging, and instruction; and a great number of men labor every day to supply us with these things. The farmer, the miller, the baker, the butcher, the fisherman, and the gardener, labor to furnish us with food.

For our clothing, there must be the weaver, the tailor, the tanner, the currier, the shoemaker, the hatter, the hosier, the button-maker, the needle-maker, and the mantua-maker.

For our dwellings, there must be employed the mason, the carpenter, the stone-cutter, the brick-maker, the tinman, the nail-maker, the glass-blower, the glazier, and the painter.

In addition to these, we must have teachers to instruct us, printers to make our books, physicians to take care of our health, and ministers to preach the gospel. All these are laboring for us daily, and, without their assistance, we could not enjoy life.

But it is to our parents that we owe the most. For it is they who provide us with food, clothing, and a happy home; who take care of us when we are sick, and protect us from every danger; who give us good counsel; provide us with instructors, books, and schools, and teach us our duty to God, and to one another.

And they do all this that we may be wise, useful, and happy. So long, then, as we live, we should be truly grateful to them, for the many blessings which they are constantly bestowing upon us.

Our fathers, our mothers, we know,
We cannot their kindness repay;
But we hope that as older we grow,
We shall learn their commands to obey.

Value of Little Things.

It is a great point of wisdom to know how to value *little things*. It is principally when these are little, that they come under the power of man : whereas, in a more advanced stage, they set at defiance all his efforts.

Behold a conflagration ! With what dreadful fury it rages ! The largest houses are devoured by it in an hour ! The strongest fall victims to its power ! Yet this fire, which now resists the united wisdom and power of man, arose from a small spark, and might at first have been extinguished by a child.

Look at yonder tree, which is now so firmly rooted in the earth, and which rears its lofty head so high ! It was once a small seed ; then a tender plant, so slender and so weak, that the foot of a child might have crushed it, or a weed might have suffocated it.

Behold also the traveler ! He is at a long distance from the end of his journey. A step seems to be of no consequence to him. For what is a step, compared with the many miles which he has to travel ? But it is by these successive steps he is carried on, till at last he arrives at his desired home.

Behold an outcast from civil society, the victim of public justice, who is about to receive the punishment due to his crimes ! You think of his vices with astonishment and terror. You are shocked while you

consider his daring wickedness, his furious passions, his hardness of heart, and his great depravity.

Would you know by what means he arrived at such a dreadful condition in sin? It was one little step taken after another, which brought him to this awful end! The only safety is in doing right at all times, and in all places. Let us not forget that the eye of God is ever upon us.

Live for Something.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did no good in the world. None were blest by them. None could point to them as the instrument of their happiness.

Not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Let us not so live and die. Let us live for something; let us live to do good.

By doing good we may leave behind us a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Let us write our names by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands we come in contact with, year by year, and we shall never be forgotten.

No, our names, and our deeds, will be as legible on the hearts we leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright as the stars of heaven. Then let us strive to be good, and do good, and so while we make others happier we shall also be happier ourselves.

And now is the time for us to prepare for the duties of life. Let us then strive earnestly and constantly to learn those lessons which will best fit us to "act well our parts" whenever duty calls us to act.

Closing Address.

DEAR PARENTS AND FRIENDS :

In behalf of my schoolmates I thank you for your presence at this time. It has greatly cheered us to see you here. We have done what we could to make your visit a pleasant one, and we hope nothing on our part has given you pain or caused you to regret that you came here. For all your kindness to us, and for all you have done for our school, we heartily thank you. We will try so to improve our privileges that you will not be sorry for what you have done for us.

And to you, our kind teacher, who have done so much to aid and encourage us we would give sincere thanks. While we feel that we cannot repay our dear parents and teachers for their kindness to us we will certainly try so to live and act that we may merit

their favor. And above all we will try to merit the approval of our Heavenly Father who gives us all our blessings.

And now, dear school-mates, may I ask that you will unite with me in resolving that hereafter we will try still more to be faithful in all our duties. While we try to gain useful knowledge daily may we also seek, day by day, to be truly good and do all we can to make our teacher and parents happy.

PART IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

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### Truths briefly expressed.\*

THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be  
No burden but support to thee.

I dares do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower.

O what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive.

'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

And he that does one fault at first  
And lies to hide it makes it two.

However it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.

The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

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\* These, and all that follow, will answer for opening or closing exercises in a school. They can be repeated by the pupils, in turn, or in concert.

The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And although late a sure reward succeeds.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.'

The advantage of living does not consist in length  
of days, but in the right use of them.

Earth is our work-house, and Heaven is, or should  
be, our store-house. Our chief business on Earth is  
to lay up treasures in Heaven.

Two things we should never fret about: first, what  
we *can* help, and second, what we *cannot* help.

Speak as you mean, do as you profess, and perform  
what you promise.

When thou feelest a desire to sin seek a place where  
God cannot see thee.

He that has more knowledge than judgment is made  
for another man's use more than his own.

It is more noble to own our faults than to boast of  
our merits.

If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done



to-day, we charge the morrow with a burden which does not belong to it.

Good or bad habits formed in youth generally go with us through life.

Good habits are formed and bad ones avoided only by constant effort.

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom ; but the absence of it indicates folly.

Our characters cannot really be injured except by our own acts.

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#### Gems in Verse.

RUGGED strength and radiant beauty,—

These were one in Nature's plan ;  
Humble toil and heavenward duty,—

These will form the perfect man.

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Trust no future, however pleasant !

Let the dead past bury its dead !

Act,—act in the living present !

Heart within, and God o'erhead !

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A pebble in the streamlet scant,

Has turned the course of many a river ;

A dew-drop on the tender plant,

Has warped the giant oak forever.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,—  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

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Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here ;  
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

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There's not a leaf within the bower,  
There's not a bird upon the tree,  
There's not a dew-drop on the flower  
But bears the impress, Lord, of thee.

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The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

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For right is right, since God is God,—  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

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He lives, who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside ;  
For other source than God is none,  
Whence life can be supplied.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles  
At the dangers he must brave,  
Is not fit to be a freeman,  
He at best is but a slave.

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Duty points, with outstretched fingers,  
Every soul to action high ;  
Woe betide the soul that lingers,  
Onward ! onward ! is the cry.

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O'er the darkest night of sorrow,  
From the deadliest field of strife,  
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,  
Springs a truer, nobler life.

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#### Scripture Gems.

A soft answer turneth away wrath ; but grievous words stir up anger.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Cease from anger and forsake wrath ; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

Depart from evil and do good ; seek peace and pursue it.

For wisdom is better than rubies ; and all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

Trust in the Lord and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

God is our refuge and strength,—a very present help in trouble.

Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life.

Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord ; but they that deal truly are His delight.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother.

Pleasant word are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones.

Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good.

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart and lean not to thine own understanding.

The fear of the Lord prolongeth days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.

**Good Rules.**

WE must love and obey our dear parents and do all we can to please and help them.

We must be kind and obedient to our teachers.

We must be kind and gentle to our companions, and try to promote their happiness.

We must always *act* the truth as well as *speak* the truth.

We must never speak evil of any one but be kind to all.

We must be honest in all things.

We must use no bad language.

We must attend to the words of our teacher, and learn our lessons carefully.

We must be neat in our habits, and keep our desks and books free from marks.

We must be regular and seasonable in our attendance at school.

We must try to be pleasant and cheerful at all times.

We must not use angry or harsh words.

We must love and obey our Heavenly Father.

We must, at all times, aim to do right.

**Wise Sayings.**

A GOOD name is better than great riches.  
Better to be alone than in bad company.  
Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.  
Diligence is the mistress of success.  
Evil communications corrupt good manners.  
Wisdom is better than rubies.  
Great is truth and mighty above all things.  
He that would reap well must sow well.  
It is more blessed to give than to receive.  
Judge not others wrongfully.  
Kind words cost nothing but are worth much.  
Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.  
Manners often make fortunes.  
Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done  
to-day.  
Only the truly good are truly happy.  
Persevere in every good work.  
Quarrels should always be avoided.  
Resist temptation till you conquer it.  
Speak the truth; act the truth; think the truth.  
Trust in the Lord and do good.  
Unite with the good in doing good.  
Virtuous acts are commendable.  
Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.  
Youth is the season for laying up knowledge.

**Bible Declarations.\***

THE Lord will keep the feet of his saints,—  
But the wicked shall be silent in darkness.

God judgeth the righteous;—  
And God is angry with the wicked every day.

The Lord preserveth all that love Him,—  
But the wicked will He destroy.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth,  
But the righteous are as bold as a lion.

Whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil  
way he shall fall himself into his own pit;  
But the upright shall have good things in possession.

When righteous men do rejoice there is great  
glory;—  
But when the wicked rise a man is hidden.

There shall no evil happen to the just;—  
But the wicked shall be filled with mischief.

The house of the wicked shall be overthrown;—  
But the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish.

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\* Let the girls, in concert, repeat the first line, and the boys the second, and so continue, alternately.



Righteousness exalteth a nation,  
But sin is a reproach to any people.

The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the  
Lord ;

But He loveth him that followeth hard after righteousness.

Blessings are upon the head of the just,—  
But violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.

As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more ;  
But the righteous is an everlasting foundation.

The thoughts of the righteous are right,  
But the counsels of the wicked are deceit.

The wicked is snared by the transgression of his  
lips ;—

But the just shall come out of trouble.

When the wicked rise men hide themselves ;—  
But when the wicked perish the righteous increase.

When the righteous are in authority the people  
rejoice ;

But when the wicked beareth rule the people  
mourn.

The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked;  
But He blesseth the habitation of the just.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not  
in the way of evil men.

But the path of the just is as the shining light that  
shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Treasures of wickedness profit nothing.  
But righteousness delivereth from death.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be  
thou envious against the workers of iniquity :—

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and  
wither as the green herb.

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### Psalm I.

A. BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the  
counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of  
sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful ;—

But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in  
His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers  
of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ;  
and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

B. The ungodly are not so ; but are like the chaff  
which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly

shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

*C.* For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

*D.* But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

*Class.* Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.







